

B

BRUTARIAN

N

DARE TO BE LAME

INTERVIEWS
WITH:
THE UNDEAD
MOTORHEAD'S
LEMMY

VILE COMIX
+
LOTS O'
REVIEWS



ADULTS
ONLY,
DADDY-O



Goddamit,

I'm gonna clear up some-
thin' once and for all.
Sure we hate niggers and
ya know why? No, it's not
because their dicks are
bigger than the white
mans. It's because white
women really think they
are. Their dicks, I mean.
That just burns law-abid-
ing church-going men like
us up. It makes us crazy
and forces us to do things
we would never ever think
of doing. Like picking up
a female hitchhiker on an
interstate, taking her to a
cheap hotel room and get-
ting her to pose for pic-
tures while you sip Jack
and play with yourself.
Them goddamn niggers.

Really pissed off,
Jimmy Swaggert
Sweetmeat, OK

Comrades,

The pig dogs from the
West and the evil
dwarfniks from the East
are conspiring to destroy
great Mother Russia! We
must stop them by re-
stocking our nuclear arse-
nal and taking our troops
into the streets. Yes we
must return to the times
of greatness as with Stalin
and Brezhnev. Ah what
large joy there will be in
the hearts of greater Rus-
sians then as the Lithuan-
ians and Estonians and
Latvians are crushed un-
der our large manly tank
treads. From there it's
just a short journey to the
stooge democracies of
Poorland and Czechostoo-
gevakia. Ach, it's cold in
here, throw another Jew
on the fire and come to

me. Ilya I long for your
embrace.

Vladimir Zhirinovsky
Stalingrad, CCCP

To All Good Publicans,
No, I did not give those ne-
gro ministers any "walk-
ing around" money. What
I put in their ungrateful
black hands were some
gift certificates for Gucci
shoes. We all know how
much those camp town
racers love shoes. Oh yes,
the darkies will do any-
thing for a comfortable
pair of footwear. I believe
my close friend and col-
league Earl Buttz will
back me up on this.

Ed Rollins
Disgraceland, NJ

Dahlings,

I was misunderstood.
When I said the Elke was
bald I did not mean on the
top. I meant on the bot-
tom. From the syphilis.
From all the blacks she is
dating day and night. In
front of her husband.
Who can do nothing but
watch. This is what I
meant by bald, dahlings.

Taa Taa,
Zsa Zsa
Zsazsaville, CA

Oh yes,

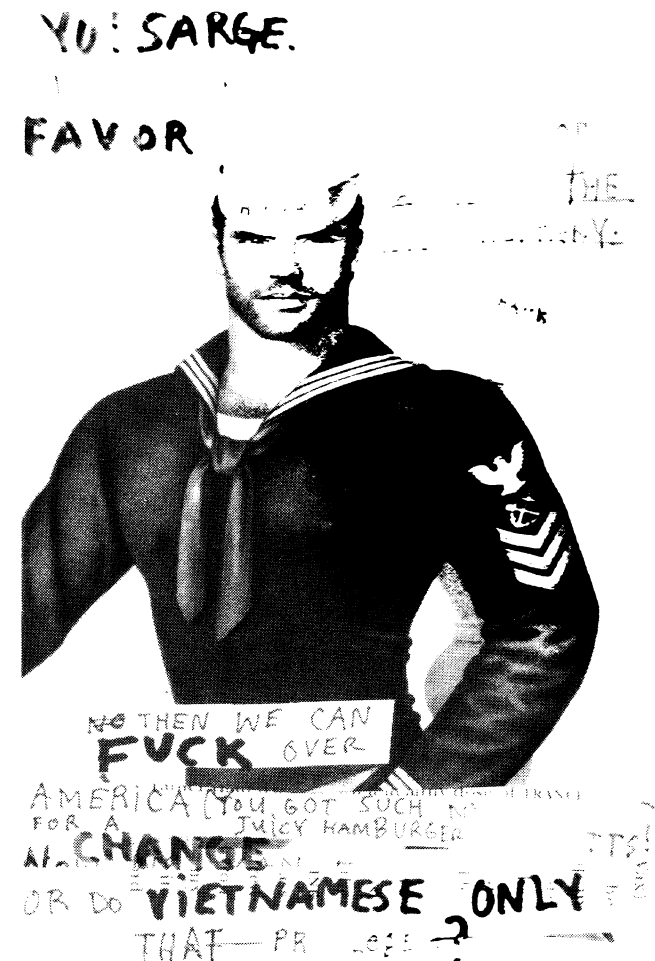
I think I know a little bit
about men. Wasn't I mar-
ried twelve or thirteen
times? Or was that four-
teen? Let me think, there
was Mike Todd and that

Jew momma's boy Eddie
Fisher and that fag gover-
nor of Virginia and that
pit-faced drunk Burton.
Twice! Or was that three
times? And I must have
been married to Mickey
Rooney. Everyone in Hol-
lywood was married to
that sawed-off gerbil faced
little shit at one time or
another. Even Cary
Grant who would do
things with Mickey that
you wouldn't do to a barn-
yard animal. Well, never
mind, let's just say I know
about men and leave it at

that. What I really want
to tell you is that Michael
Jackson is all man. I
know men and Michael is
all man. Yes, he's a bit ef-
feminate but so was my
second husband Johnny
Mathis. Oh... Chances
are but for the grace of
God go I... He was all
man too. So let's not hear
any more crap about Jes-
sie Jackson okay?

Dazed and Confused,
Liz Taylor
Hollywood, CA

A postcard *Brutarian* received from overseas admirers:



Brut. 111

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"... Celia has contrived to blast
Those beauties that might ever last
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid,
My purest passion has betrayed.
Conceive the most envenomed dart,
To pierce an injured lover's heart.
[So wonder not] how I lost my wits,
Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia shifts."

Jonathan Swift
Cassinus and Peter
A Tragical Elegy

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the gods are among us

by
**dom
salemi**

When I first started this magazine I knew it wouldn't be long before record and video companies and cranks of all stripes started sending us tons of free stuff.

What I really hoped for, though, was that I would be able to talk to legends, pop icons like Marlon Brando and . . . *LEMMY*.

Yes, Lemmy. Laugh if you want to but I love Lemmy. Why? First, because he literally refashioned heavy metal when it desperately needed to be refashioned. In the process, he paved the way for bands like Metallica and Danzig. Not that Motorhead sounds anything like the aforementioned but Lemmy was the first to make plain that you didn't have to imitate Led Zeppelin or Black Sabbath if you wanted to rock heavy. For this he has been both praised and vilified. Still, there is no denying his influence on what today is picturesquely labeled the "headbanger" scene.

Secondly, because he doesn't give a shit what you think (an attitude which has caused much distress for record companies) Lemmy has been able to fashion sixteen recordings to date, almost all of which are highly listenable. Most of which are fabulous. The new release, *Bastards* is one of Motorhead's strongest efforts in years. Ironically, it comes when interest in the band is probably at an all time low. They've been dropped by their record company and "alternative" music mags, like *Alternative Press*, have refused to talk to the boys. Thank God with Brutarian I don't have to answer to anybody.

Anyway, I got the opportunity to speak to Mr. Kilmister on a work break shortly before Thanksgiving. I was (I know this is hard to believe) really nervous and in spite of that, Lemmy was charmingly sympathetic. And very gracious. I missed a few of the jokes because I couldn't always make out the thick accent but despite that, I think you'll find our little talk pretty entertaining.

Lemmy: So where the bleedin' hell were ya [laughs]? We called the office and they said you were a lawyer and were at court or some such. I said, "A lawyer, I don't want to talk to a lawyer! I'm calling to talk to a writer from *Brutarian*!" They thought I was mad.

Brut: No, I am a lawyer actually.

Lemmy: Feel good? Put anybody in jail today?

Brut: Actually, I'm not that kind of lawyer. It's more of a business thing in reality.

Lemmy: Good. Good. There are too many poor sods in prison already.

Brut: But aren't all of us each in our own little prisons? Listen, let's throw out a few questions and see where we wind up. Here's the first: Why'd



you switch labels so late in the game?

Lemmy: Well, we got fuckin' dropped like a stone!

Brut: That's it? Where's that Kilminster rancor?

Lemmy: [Laughs] Oh, the rancor! That goes without saying. We were pissed of course. It was the biggest crock of shit I've ever seen. The guys who run the company are lucky they're not walking with their necks broken.

Brut: I like the title of the new recording – *Bastards*. Wasn't that the original name of your band? Is this your way of saying Motorhead has come full circle?

Lemmy: No. It's open to lots of interpretations. Yours isn't a bad one actually. A bit intellectual [laughs] but it's also a term I often use when I'm just fed up. Which I was at the time we put this thing together.

Brut: But this release doesn't sound like you're fed up. It sounds like you're having a helluva time!

Lemmy: Oh, I love doing what I'm doing. The only time problems crop up is when people who are supposed to be happy doing what *they're doing* come into my life. Like record company people.

Brut: You know I'm looking at these press notes and I keep reading about the Motorhead stigma –



the streak of bad luck that keeps you from achieving the total success you fully deserve. Is there a Motorhead stigma?

Lemmy: Stigmata? What now the A&R people have us as martyrs? Lemmy as Jesus, that's the last thing I need. Well, maybe not.

Brut: No, "stigma."

Lemmy: Oh [cackles]. Stigma as in black cloud. Actually, it's an advantage in a way. Keeps us hungry. Like the time we played out on an island made out of garbage off the coast of Holland. They

dumped their trash in the ocean and put dirt over it. Not a bad idea actually. I hate the word "landfill." Anyway, a storm was blowing around the north coast, I thought we were gonna get washed into the sea. There were four people and a dog there, and one of them clapped. Kept me going.

Brut: Well you still sound hungry which is probably the reason *Bastards* has so much energy and sounds so good. Even though it's your what, sixteenth LP? How many bands get off a winner with their sixteenth effort?

Lemmy: Yes, people stop listening after you've been around a while. It's why people don't listen to us. They figure, "Oh, they're legends." And "legends" are dead. Y'know? "Legends" are over. So if people think you're a "legend," it's not very funny. Cause you're no longer a contenda.

Brut: Well then we'll just say we like you and dig your new LP a lot.

"There are only two kinds of people in this world . . . those who will knock you down and those who will offer you a hand up."



Motorhead: Phil, Lemmy, Würzel & Mikkey Dee

Lemmy: Yes and people should give it a listen. It's really splendid. If we get some air play it will move.

Brut: Let me ask you about one of the songs on the latest work, "Don't Let Daddy Kiss Me." It's rather disturbing: a composition about child molestation from a little girl's point of view. It must have been difficult to write such a painful, heart-rending lyric. And then to have to wrestle with the proper musical accompaniment. It must have taken weeks to put the whole thing together.

Lemmy: Nah! It was easy. Ten minutes.

Brut: What do you mean "ten minutes"?

Lemmy: I was really pissed off. It's the worst crime of all, isn't it? The parents are the only ones a young child around five can trust. Where does she turn? Is it surprising a lot of abused children in turn commit equally horrible crimes, slaughter their own children? People who do this need to be stopped, to be hunted down if need be. So ya see, with all this . . . oh, anger, it didn't take too long to put the song together.

Brut: Alright, what about that ballad, "Lost In The Ozone"? Everyone's making a big deal about it being a ballad.

Lemmy: Do ya like the song? I really do. I think it's a thing of beauty.

Brut: Yeah, I do but it's not the first ballad you've done. "1916" was. You could tell us something about how that came about.

Lemmy: I was watching a documentary and there were all these old guys taken back to the scene of the crime [Battle of the Somme in WW I]. They're about ninety years old and they're describing it and this guy starts talking about his friend dying in his arms and he was crying. Crying seventy years later. It's still affecting him after all this time. He says he's never had a day go by without dreaming of it. You could say I'm taking advantage of that hardship, or that I'm paying respect. I saw and still see it as respect.

Brut: But the band didn't want "1916" on the LP?

Lemmy: Yeah, they saw it as a big departure. Motorhead is an extremely benevolent dictatorship. Usually, I put it to a vote. Unless I'm so fucking uptight that I want it badly.

Brut: So the guys and you get along. The early incarnation didn't sound like it did.

Lemmy: Nah, we did but the early Motorhead *were* lunatics. I stole the quote about "If we moved next door, your lawn would die" from Dr. Hook just to get the point across. But we got along. Imagine though, Dr. Hook, they did leave something for posterity besides the eye patch. Pretty funny. Still we, I, have always tried to find humor even in death.

Brut: Hence the song "Killed By Death."

Lemmy: Right. If you don't laugh about things you'll lose your fucking mind. Yet today it seems we've got less humor than ever. It's all, "Oh, God, how could you say that!"

Brut: Interesting. Let's talk about musical influences. We're all curious. We hear a lot about merseybeat groups.

Lemmy: Oh, no. Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis mostly. Buddy Holly as well. The Yardbirds later. Lots of unconscious influences. That's quite natural. I'll hear a tune later and say to myself, "Yes, I liked this style or sound." But then everything you hear influences you one way or another when you're a lyricist.

Brut: Here's a question I'm sure you've never been asked: Any poets who've influenced your lyrical writing?

Lemmy: No. I don't read poetry. I read a lot of books but I don't read poetry.

Brut: Too bad. I was going to ask about Keat's concept of negative capability and how it compares with the method you employed when composing "Don't Let Daddy Kiss Me."

Lemmy: [Laughs] Funny, but you'd think that question would have come up already.

Brut: You've heard the Cockney Reject's version of "Motorhead" are there any bands on the Oi scene that you like or listen to. It seems that your sound is very influential in that genre.

Lemmy: Well, I liked the Cockney's version of that song but when you're talking about Oi could you give me some bands in particular that you're thinking about?

Brut: Skrewdriver...

Lemmy: Oh, fucking hell! I hate those guys. Nazis. Ian [lead singer for Skrewdriver] we met him about ten to fifteen years ago and we invited him to stay on our floor when he was in town and we were touring. And all night he was talkin' about the Jews are doing this and the blacks are doing that. Our response, my response was simply, "Ian. It's not so." There are only two kinds of people in this world – and you can use this if you like – those who will knock you down and those who will offer you a hand up. That's all there is: it doesn't matter who or what they worship or what color they are. The rest is shit. And people who go on about color and the like, like Ian did, are assholes.

Brut: Somehow this all leads to the question of how you guys were the first band to play behind the Iron Curtain.

Lemmy: It was an exchange thing. The Slavs got us and England got the Red Army Orchestra. It was dismal. We had dinner with Tito but by then he was sort of over the hill. Lots of picture taking with tractors and bolsheviks. No pretty girls. It was Yugoslavia, y'know. They were probably keeping them behind closed doors. And security was tight. Secret police all over the place. Very bad news.

Brut: Do all songs take you ten minutes to write?

Lemmy: Nah. Some don't take long at all and some take some time. There's no hard and fast rule. You can't say a song takes x-amount of minutes. Sometimes things just come on you like mad and others, you'll labor all day and nothing. You can't just sit down and say, "I'm gonna write a song today." Sometimes five minutes, sometimes a week. Don't really have a rule, I'm afraid. Sorry.

Brut: Tell us something about Hawkwind after all this time.

Lemmy: Well, maybe you've heard this before but Nick Turner had a big nose and he farted all the time so that's how the band came up with the name. But I played with them for five years and was really unhappy when I got booted. But what can you do? Sit around and weep? You've got to move on.

Brut: Do you feel that bands – especially American ones – who were and still are, obviously influenced by you give Motorhead enough credit?

Lemmy: No and they shouldn't have to because nobody really sounds like us. A lot of people play as fast and as loud but they don't play like us. You can be influenced but you're not really copying. And no one copies us so it's okay if nobody comes out and says, "We were influenced by Motorhead." I mean I was influenced by Little Richard but you really can't hear it when I play. You follow?

Brut: Yes I do. You're teaching me to phrase my questions better and I like that. It's kind of like Intro to Responsible Rock Journalism by Professor Kilmister. I enjoy that.

Lemmy: [Laughs] Well, you know I'm just havin' fun. It's nice that you like talkin' to me. Most people like to talk about themselves so that's the easy part for me. You've got the difficult part but without you, the fans, we're nothing. And for a lot of people, if they're not in a band, writing about them and putting a magazine together is a dream. And for me to be rude or difficult to you would be treading on a dream. You shouldn't tread on dreams.

Brut: Well, someone said the talk would be easier if I was completely shit faced but I just didn't have the time. I only got a couple of beers down my throat before your call.

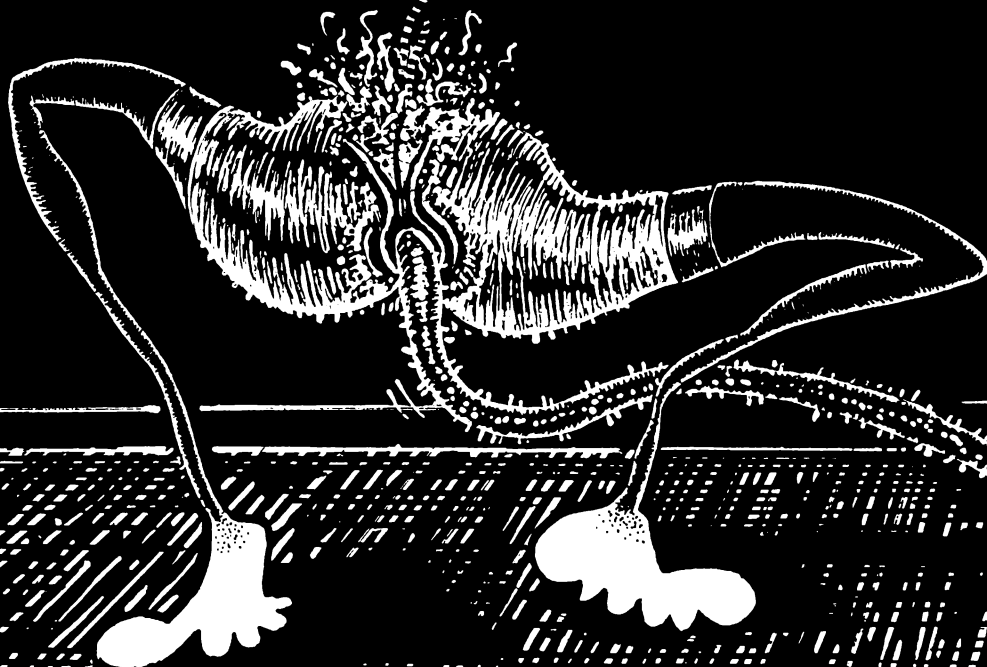
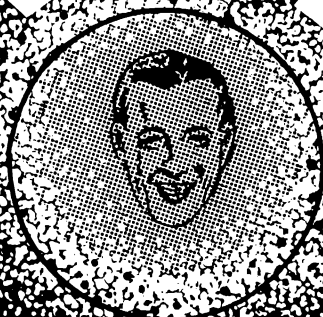
Lemmy: Ah, there's always time for that. Hopefully, you'll come back stage on our American tour and we can raise our glasses together in more comfortable circumstances. I'd enjoy that.

Brut: Can I bring the wife?

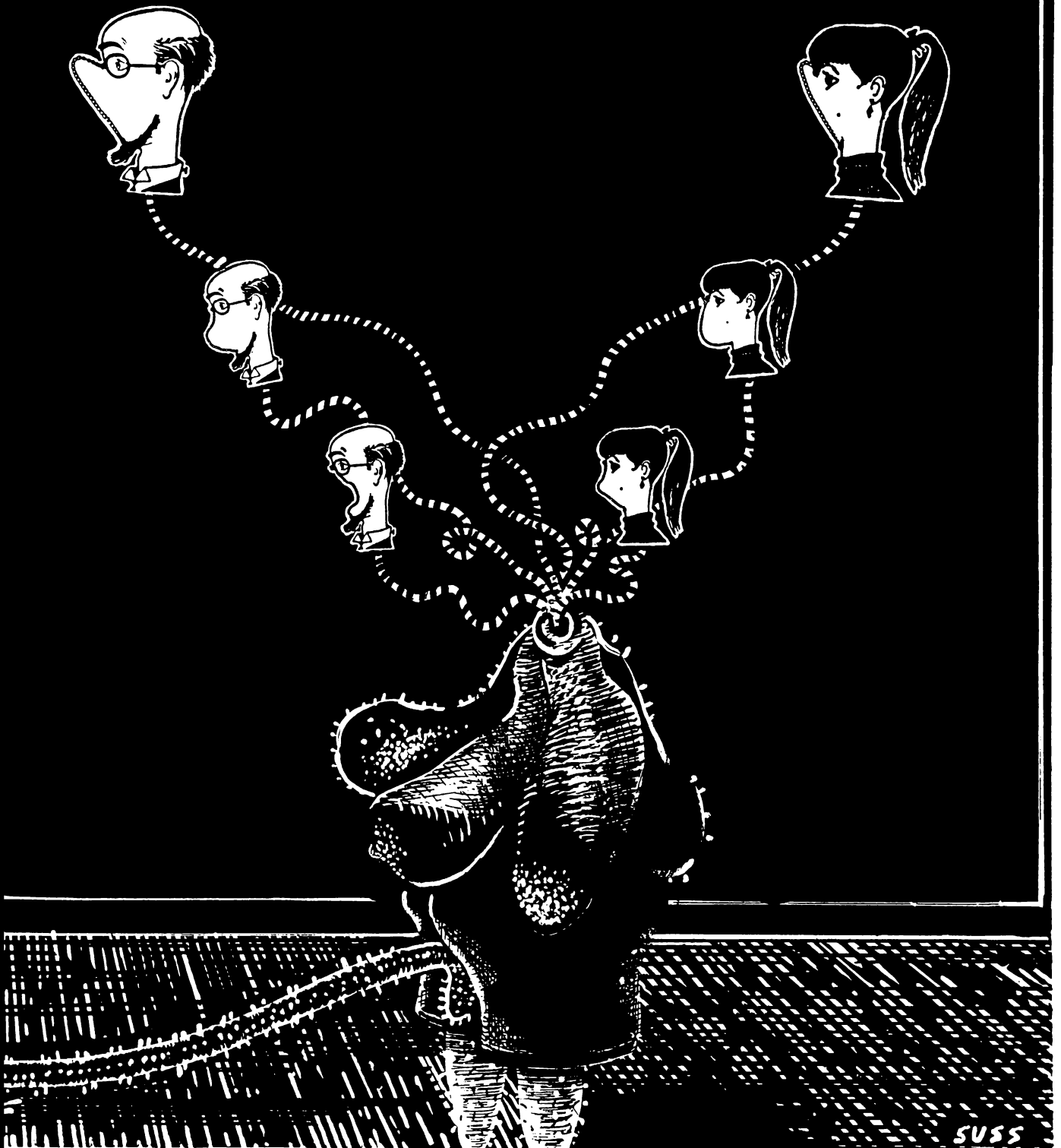
Lemmy: Oh, absolutely! I'd be insulted if you didn't. And don't worry I'll keep the boys in line.

MORE

WITH



GENITALIA



Djinn in a Bottle

by D. W. Hill

The alarm sounded as the old man fell into the mess his blood was making on the floor. Jerome was so cracked up and angry that he started kicking the body. But Carlos and Razz ran into the back room and filled their pockets with whatever looked good: loose rings, small gold coins and other jewelry. There wasn't any cash. It was all in the safe, and they'd had to shoot the old man before getting the combination. That irritated Razz. When he and Carlos returned to the front of the pawn shop where Jerome was still pummeling the corpse, he, too, paused a second to swing a kick of his own. Then he grabbed Jerome and said:

"Get the fuck out of here."

There were sirens in the distance along Fifth Avenue. They separated, Razz going east to Lexington and then uptown. He saw a man he knew and traded a bracelet for ten hits, smoked one right there, and took the rest home. His mother was in, watching *Oprah* with such intensity that she didn't notice him pass. She loved that show.

Razz emptied his pockets. Nothing was worth much, which angered him all over again.

There was, however, one curiosity among the scattered trinkets: a tiny bottle, maybe gold, maybe brass, Razz wasn't certain, stoppered with a thick wax seal. Without great success, he attempted reading the minuscule words handwritten on the faded label stuck to its base. Djann? Djinn? He couldn't tell for sure, not only because of the size of the lettering but because he didn't read much. But Razz liked djinn, a lot better than he liked vodka or whiskey, so he stuck his nail under the wax and pried it off.

Thick dark smoke began issuing into the room. Razz jumped back, tossing the bottle away. But the smoke continued rising, billowing clouds of it, a

roiling greasy black mass that didn't thin out like smoke usually does, but came together in the air, gelling like pudding, forming something manlike. Razz unstrapped his knife. The thing was twice his size, curdling into the shape of a vast fat man with an ugly bare stomach, shaven head, and balloon-like pants, the kind weight lifters wear.

"Who the fuck are you?" he asked when the thing was sufficiently defined to have ears with which to hear and a mouth with which to answer. "What the fuck you doing?"

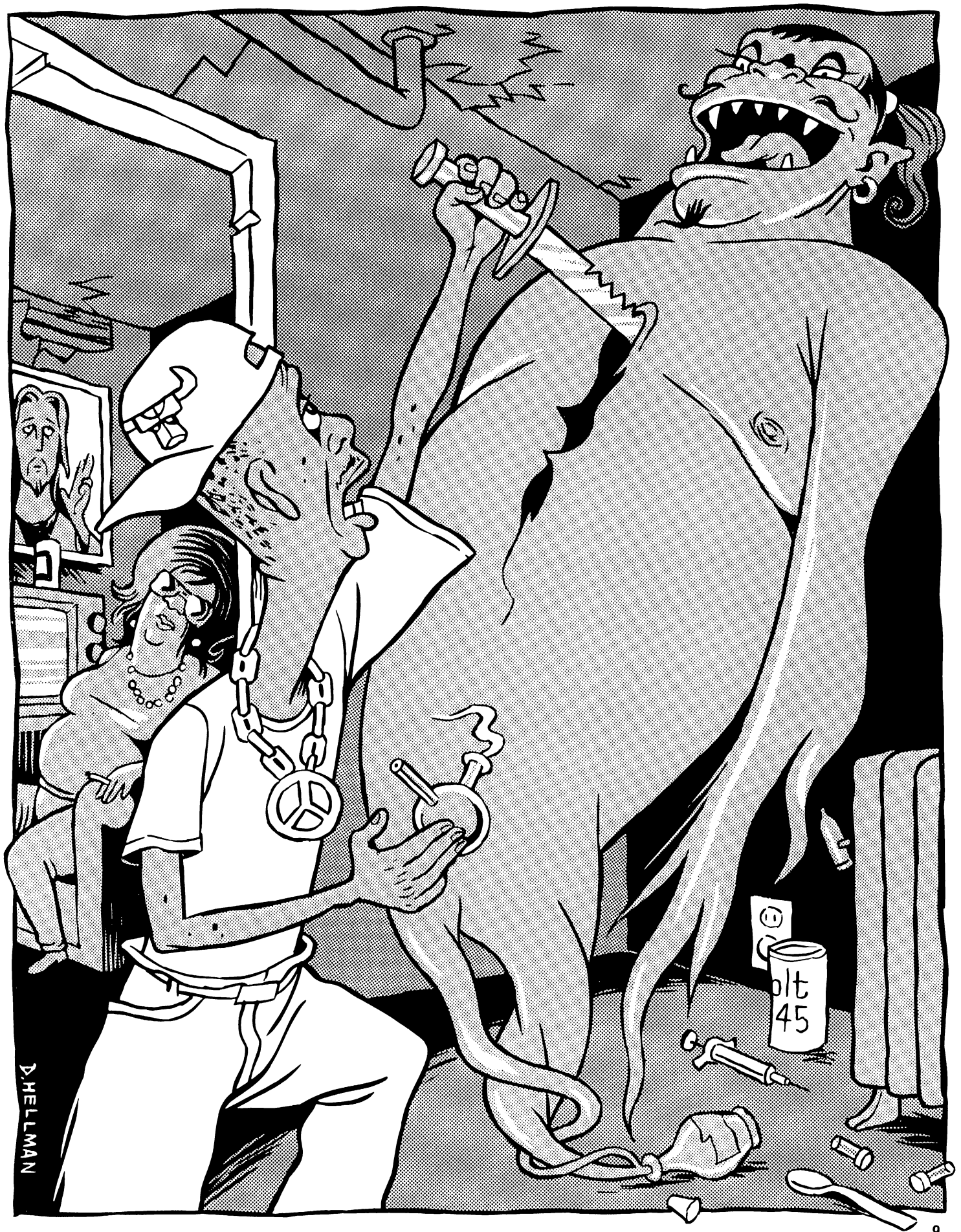
"Know, O mortal, that my name is Shamhurish al Rashid, and that I am a prince of that race known as the Djinn."

"Djinn? What the fuck is that? You some sort of fucking black Moslem, that it? Some sort of fucking black Djinn Moslem?"

"Understand, O mortal, that the Djinn are a race accursed by Allah. Sulieman the Wise himself bested me in a combat that shook the earth and made waste of continents. For these past two thousand four hundred and seventy-seven years I have been incarcerated in that bottle, locked in a prison cell without exit, damned to eternal torment and tedium."

"The fucking man put you away? And I broke you out? What the fuck you going do for me now?"

Shamhurish rolled his eyes and laughed, a long unfunny chuckle as greasy as the smoke from which he had formed. "Know, O mortal," he said at last, "that after the first hundred years of imprisonment, I vowed to make my deliverer the richest man in all the world. But no one came. Then I swore to make him king over the nations of the earth, powerful beyond imagination. But no one came. During the next thousand years I gave my word to make



the man who set me free not only wealthy beyond the scope of dreams and lord above all others, but also immortal, so that he would greet his thousandth spring with the virility of youth. Still no one came to me. Great was my despair, and immeasurable became my anger. Now I swore that I would utterly destroy the one who finally released me. And yet no one came. Eventually even that became insufficient, and I swore not merely to destroy the one who freed me but to devastate all that surrounded him, all that gave him pleasure, to rob him of all delight and all love, to make of his life a desert and a desolation."

"What the fuck you saying, man? You going off me? That what you getting at?"

"In time, O mortal. But first I intend you suffer."

"Well, fuck you, then. Fuck you, motherfucker."

Razz had had enough. Maybe it wouldn't do any good, but he was sick and tired of such disrespect. He flicked out the knife and drew a red line across the djinn's fat stomach, right where the belly button should have been but wasn't, deep enough so that a couple of coils of gut popped out. But al Rashid only smiled and drew his fingers negligently along the slash, closing it like a zipper. Then once again the room filled with smoke, the entire huge bulk of the djinn fading out like a bad TV signal, until only his eyes and mouth were left, suspended unsupported in the air without a face or body around them.

"Remember me," the djinn whispered.

Soon even the smoke was gone.

First Razz smoked another pipe. That took away the edge, and a second bowl sent him right where he wanted. He flung the brass bottle from

the window, feeling good while watching it dwindle toward the sidewalk where it exploded into a thousand fragments beside a hydrant, scaring passers-by half to death and, unfortunately, hitting no one. Laughing, Razz went into the kitchen to see what was for lunch. But there was nothing on the stove and nothing in the refrigerator except a bottle of ketchup and some malt liquor. He drank one, adding to his buzz, and then returned to the living room, where his mother had fallen asleep on the couch, letting her own can of malt slip from her fingers and soak the upholstery. She'd had a cigarette burning, too, which had smoldered a hole in the cushion next to her hand before being extinguished by the spill.

"Wake the fuck up," Razz said, shaking her. "I'm hungry."

Yet she refused to be roused, no matter how he worried her, and after a while Razz noticed that she wasn't snoring as usual, that there was vomit in her mouth, that she was dead.

Immediately he thought that the djinn had something to do with it, but when the paramedics picked her up, they told him that she had choked in her sleep. The situation put Razz in such a foul mood that he smoked all the hits he'd bought and had to go out and sell a couple rings in order to have enough to get him through. Then he went across the projects to where Sharika lived and ate dinner with her even though she was a terrible cook and it disgusted him to look at her now that she was so pregnant.

"Give me some, Razz," she said, taking the pipe.

"Fucking djinn," he muttered.

"Say what, honey?"

"Fucking fat djinn motherfucker."

Sharika smoked three bowls, which barely left Razz enough for himself, so he was truly aggravated by the time he bedded down on the floor, there not being sufficient room on the mattress any longer for them both, what with Sharika's belly. But this was nothing compared to his irritation at being awakened by her screams long past midnight. Sharika was shuddering and moaning and heaving every which way in such anguish that Razz thought she would surely break. And for a second time he stood aside and watched an ambulance arrive and paramedics come in the door with a portable stretcher and armfuls of intricate equipment. They hooked Sharika up and toted her downstairs and drove off in a flurry of sirens. Still she never made it to St. Joseph's even though it was only seven blocks away.

The baby lived. For a while. Razz watched through the thick glass window while medical personnel attached the squirming little thing to huge machines and fistfuls of wiring and stuck it repeatedly with needles.

"Your wife —" began the doctor standing beside him.

"She ain't my wife. We just friends."

"She did a lot of drugs."

"Maybe."

"Mostly crack, I imagine. You see how that baby is shaking. Withdrawal seizures. Your child is addicted to cocaine."

"Get one thing straight. It ain't my fucking kid. Sharika, she saw lots of men."

At least until one night two years before, just after she turned fifteen, when he had slapped her until his hand was red with his own blood, not merely with hers. In any case, it was no business of the doctor's whose baby it was, not that it made much difference, since the child — Razz never did learn whether it was a boy or a girl — died within the hour, giving one last feeble shiver before finally quieting, flat straight lines showing on every indicator in the room. Razz left immediately, wondering why he'd stayed as long as he had. It was light outside and so he wandered downtown and woke Carlos up. They went over to Jerome's apartment and sat around drinking and smoking until they were feeling really good. Razz told them about the djinn, al Rashid:

"Fucking djinn motherfucker come out of the bottle like a fart," he elaborated, spreading his arms to encompass the memory. "Said he going off me. But he ain't shit. Ain't seen nothing of that motherfucker."

Carlos wasn't interested. "What we going do?" he asked. "Fucking shit yesterday. Fucking rings ain't worth shit."

"Man has a house over on Manhattan Avenue," Jerome said. "Ain't never more than one, two guns. I say take them."

They discussed the plan until noon, and then smoked two bowls each before heading west. The place was in the center of the block, an old brownstone with boards on the windows but no door. Carlos and Jerome went in the front while Razz took the back, exploding from the overgrown garden when he heard the reports of their semi-automatics. However the scene he discovered was nothing like he'd expected because there had been six armed men inside instead of just two, and although three of them were dead, the others had shot Carlos and

Jerome until they were simply meat. And they were still shooting them just for the hell of it even though neither Carlos nor Jerome had anything at all like faces any longer. Razz got out of there fast, but not before he was struck in the arm, ruining the leather jacket for which he'd paid a thousand dollars. That hurt more than the pain of the shot, and almost as much as the pain of digging the bullet out with a pliers, which is what he had to do since he couldn't see a doctor. Not with that kind of wound.

"Fuck it," Razz muttered as he washed his arm and awkwardly sewed the hole closed with one hand. "Fuck it all to hell."

It was a fitting end to a day with no good in it except for the fact that he was able to ransack Carlos' and Jerome's apartments before anyone knew they were dead. He found the rest of the trinkets that they'd taken from the pawn shop, enough to keep him in smoke and liquor for nearly a week. By Saturday evening though, Razz was flat once more and down to his last couple bowls. His arm wasn't healing, either, no matter how he doused it with alcohol and peroxide, the edges of the wound looking shriveled and burnt. He was running a fever, too, and not thinking straight, which was maybe the reason he made the stupid decision he did, taking on the ugly old woman at Riverside Drive when everyone knew that most women looking like that in that neighborhood at that time of night were either broke or undercover cops. This one was a cop.

Before Razz had slipped his pistol halfway from his pocket he was cuffed, on the ground and being kicked without letup by the old woman who was really a young white man under a lot of makeup. Three other cops emerged from nearby doorways to aid in working Razz over using their sticks on his stomach, crotch and thighs - places where the bruises wouldn't be easily apparent - before tossing

him into a patrol car and carting him to the station to be booked and shoved into a holding cell. Razz was too sick the next morning to be arraigned. Instead, he was escorted to the hospital and locked to a bed. A week later, just after he'd been told that his gun had been linked to the pawn shop robbery and that he was now charged with murder, not merely with the attempted mugging, a nurse came to his bedside and informed him that he had tested positive for HIV.

"What you saying, bitch?" he said, struggling upright. "You saying I'm a fucking faggot?"

"Not at all, Mr. Jeffries. But you have been or still are an intravenous drug user. Did you use sterile works each time you got high, Mr. Jeffries? And can you tell me honestly that you used condoms while engaging in sexual activity?"

"Fucking rubbers for pussies," he muttered, so enraged that he would have throttled the bland blonde woman except for the fact that his wrists were chained. "How long I got?"

"It's impossible to determine accurately. Let's just say that if they give you eight years, consider it a life sentence."

The judge made it ten to twenty. Only three years passed before the disease became active, and Razz was admitted to the prison infirmary first with a flu which almost left him dead, then with a strain of TB which proved resistant to antibiotics and which racked him so horribly it had him believing his lungs were about to come up after each spasm, and finally with an obscene eczema which caused weeping boils to erupt all over his body including the soles of his feet making standing even semi-erect a physical impossibility so great was the pain involved in the mere effort. The single advantage Razz gained from the situation was that he was left

alone. Occasionally, after threatening to run amok with a pin which he'd stuck in his arm, Razz was successful at scoring a couple bowls. The guards treated him well, too, fearing to beat him no matter the provocation was to risk AIDS by getting his blood on their hands.

But by the fourth year Razz was confined to bed for the final time. He was wired to so many machines that he couldn't count them all. Not that he'd ever been good with numbers. His warders gave him a private room and encased him in an oxygen tent and plugged a drain into his penis. Razz' only entertainment now, when he was sufficiently aware of his surroundings to care, was watching his heartbeat on the monitor. Then one night, after the sedatives had worn off and he was waiting anxiously for the nurse to make her rounds, Razz noticed a spiral of smoke coiling under the door. When the gassy cloud consolidated into a dense mass instead of diluting in the air, Razz understood that he was being visited once more by the djinn, Shamhurish al Rashid.

"Fucking fat motherfucker," he croaked. "Fucking fat djinn motherfucker."

"Pleasant greetings to you too, O mortal," al Rashid replied, a vast grin on his impossibly plump lips. He sat down beside Razz and peered at him quizzically through the translucent plastic of the tent. "I understood that you were unwell and not expected to live, and I desired to be with you at this ultimate juncture before the Sunderer of Society and Destroyer of Delights took you for his own."

Razz groaned, stabbed suddenly by pain, unable to speak because of the fury gripping him. Al Rashid appeared not to notice, continuing in a conversational tone:

"In truth, O mortal, I discovered that the entire span of your existence had become a vale of tears. Is it not accurate that your very mother suffocated in her own bile not long after we met? And that your houri, the woman named Sharika, died in childbirth? While your child lived but an hour, consumed by the vile drug that it encountered in the womb? Truly, O mortal, I comprehend that the tale does not conclude there, either. I have been apprised that your dearest companions were brutally slain before your eyes, and later dismembered, so that the fragments of their bodies never received proper burial. And what of yourself? Are you not here in ignoble captivity? Are you not clasped by foul contagion, which has gnawed at your vitals until every moment is unendurable agony? To think what has become of you . . . it is enough, O mortal, to make me weep. Yes, truly, to make me weep with joy, knowing that it is my full and complete responsibility, that all has occurred as I vowed, and that I have indeed made your life a desolation, without the least happiness."

Listening to the djinn, seeing the satisfaction of the obese face, Razz was seized by such intense anger that he would have given everything he had, including his life, to wipe al Rashid's smirk away. But he owned nothing, not even life. Not for much longer anyway. For an instant Razz was afraid that he would die right there, wholly gratifying the djinn. Yet in that small space of time, a lucid and wonderful thought came to him. So lucid it was almost staggering in its purity. Razz struggled in his damaged brain to put this epiphany into words but could only laugh. It was a weak noise, still, it disturbed al Rashid:

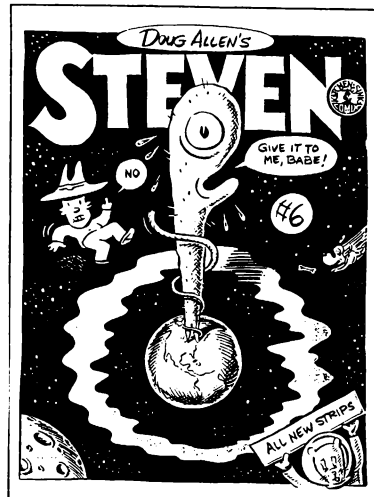
"I am perplexed by your amusement, O mortal. Is it, perhaps, that your travails have finally deranged you?"

Saga of Doug Allen's Steven proceeds with paste-eating #6

If your local alternative weekly doesn't carry the strip, or even if it does, you'll be glad to see these funny strips collected in one place and on good paper. *Steven* #6 comes your way this October.



320 Riverside Drive
Northampton, MA 01060



An eternity seemed to pass before Razz answered so consumed was he by the risibility of the situation, by the all-powerful djinn's utter confusion. At last, Razz beckoned al Rashid to draw near, fearful that the frailty of his voice would render unintelligible what he had to say. When the djinn had poked his head through the oxygen tent, Razz stared directly into the dark, fathomless eyes of the thing, and spoke:

"You ain't shit, motherfucker," he whispered. "You ain't fucking shit. You think you fucking offed me. You think this your fault. But you fucking wrong, motherfucker, you fucking fat piece of djinn shit. You done made a fucking mistake. This all would have fucking happened any fucking way. Because of who I fucking be. Because that the way the God damned fucking world be. I seen the same shit happen to plenty motherfuckers. You ain't got nothing to do with it, nothing at all. You ain't shit, Shamhurish al motherfucker Rashid. I done it to myself, you motherfucking djinn scumbag motherfucker. I done it to myself, and you ain't got nothing to do with it. Shove that up your fucking ass, motherfucker. You understand me?"

It was obvious from his expression of dismay that the djinn did in fact comprehend all too well what Razz was attempting to say.

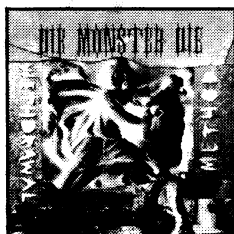
Razz was filled with rapture. So filled that he barely noticed his heart wildly fibrillating. Or the monitors to which he was attached oscillating even more wildly. It was all too sweet this thwarting of al Rashid, too perfect. His life was over now, he knew that, but as his vision narrowed and his hearing surrendered to a rush of white noise, Razz felt nothing but joy. And a peace of sorts.

"You wrong, motherfucker," he murmured one last time. "I done it to myself."

The End



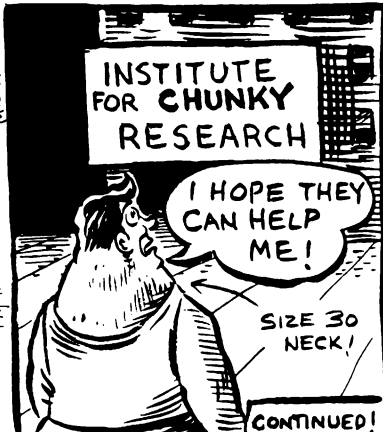
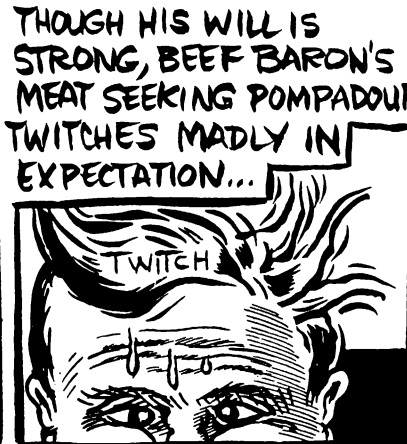
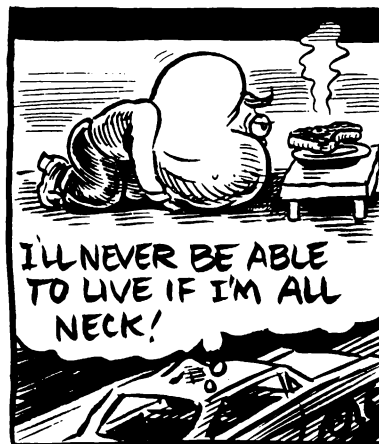
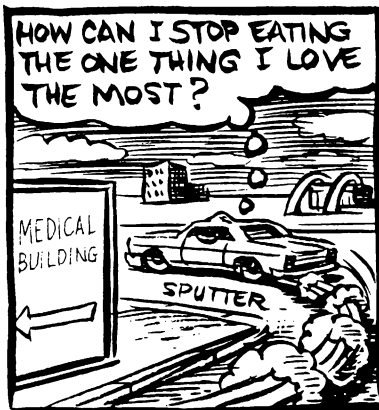
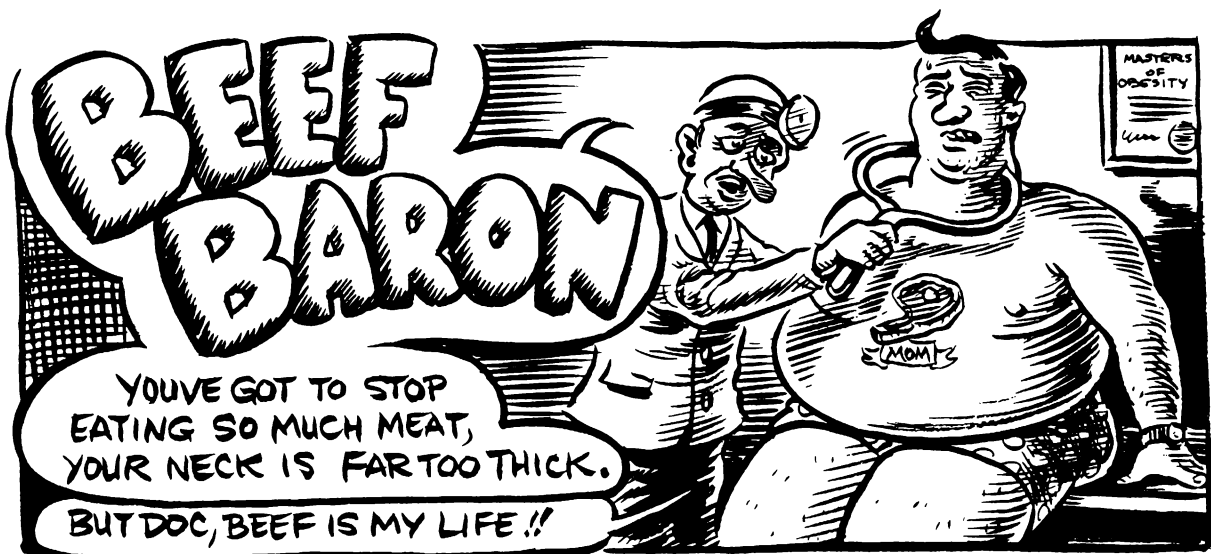
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The Undead are a band most noted for featuring

Bobby Steele, the original guitarist for The Misfits. Bobby left that band way before they ever became popular, back in the late '70s, but he played on some of The Misfits' best stuff. After he left, Bobby kicked around for a few years and then formed The Undead, a melodic, '77 style Punk Rawk power trio. They've released three LP's (two studio and one live) as well as a few singles here and there. With what seems to be an ever-changing rhythm section, Bobby continues to tour, and release records despite the fact that he is partially crippled due to a childhood illness.

by **Alan Wright**

Who's in The Undead these days? The same group that played on the *Live Slayer* LP?

The current line-up is Jeff O'Hara on drums and Anthony D'Amico on bass. The musicians on *Live Slayer* were Joe Darone on drums and Jim Joyce on bass [now in The Fiendz].

Has it always had a kind of "revolving" line-up? Have you had problems finding people to work with?

Unfortunately, the line-up has been in constant flux. People tend to think that it's easy to be in a band like The Undead, and when they get to experience how hard it really is, they can't handle it. Most people think they're gonna get rich by playing with me. They don't know what the reality of being in a real band is. I'm broke. The expense of running this band is incredible. I'm constantly getting fucked over by record companies, defrauded by booking agencies, and slandered by fanzines. The Undead gets paid less than half of what other bands that can't draw one-fourth the size crowd we do. Another problem is that The Undead is my band, my dream. When someone joins The Undead, they should be aware that they're joining something that's been conceived by me, and they shouldn't expect to change it. That just shows that they weren't really into The Undead at all. They just wanted to get some glory. I don't tolerate that. Either you're with me, or you're against me.

What are some of the topics you're currently writing about?

Experiences, feelings. Basic human shit. I'm not political, because politics is nothing more than lying to people to get them on your side. Every political band that I've ever been in contact with has been full of shit. Like in Congress, they don't want the other party to get the credit for getting something done, even when it's something they would normally support. One of my latest songs is "There's a Riot in Tompkins' Square." It's based on my personal experiences at those riots. The fact that nobody is right in that shit. I saw the cops acting like assholes one day, and the anarchists and communists being assholes the next, but they all try to act like they did nothing wrong. There's really no difference between the two. They've both got power problems. The both want to LEAD, to be the law.

Do you ever have any problems with people comparing you to Danzig when they find you were once in The Misfits?

No, he's the short, fat guy; I'm tall and thin. No, really. It's usually positive. Once people hear The

Undead, they demand that I admit that I wrote all The Misfits' songs and Glenn just stole the credit. He was a major influence on my writing, and I guess I've gotten better at writing those kinds of songs than he, but I still think his newer stuff, even if it's not punk, is great.

Without dwelling on that small part of your past, how do you feel about not getting due recognition for your obvious contribution to that band in its early days?

Pissed! You'd think Caroline Records, who've made a small fortune off the sales of Misfits records, would want to sign The Undead, but they won't even listen to my tapes. I don't get a penny off the sales of all that shit. There are labels that are kicking themselves in the ass for not signing The Misfits when they had the chance, and now they're ignoring The Undead. The Misfits influenced almost every big metal and punk band out there, and you'd think that'd be enough to get some attention from somebody, but I can't even get a decent booking agent. What really eats me is that people are so quick to believe the negative shit, but when someone says something positive about me, no one wants to hear it. Just for an example, look at *Maximum RocknRoll*. They've printed a whole slew of negative letters about me, yet, with all the people who've written to me to tell me that they wrote a positive letter to *MRR*, not one has been printed. Does that smell like discrimination or what?

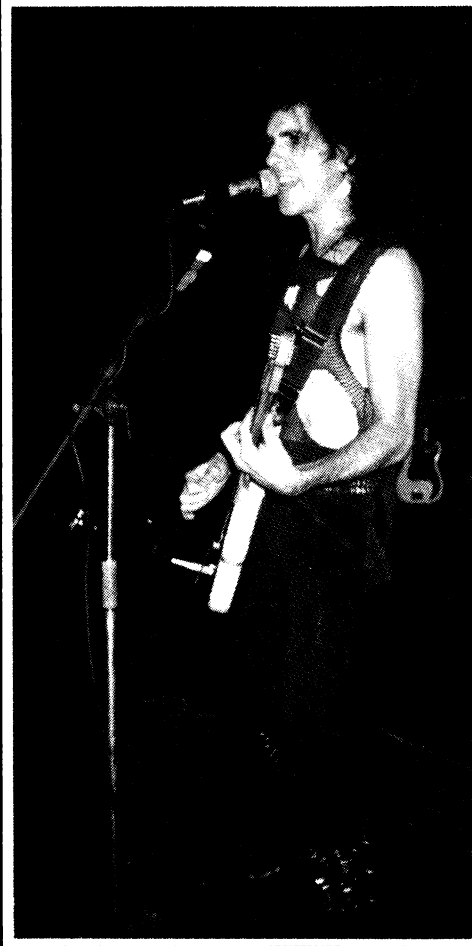
I've heard all kinds of conflicting accounts (most recently in *Ugly Things* 'zine) about whether you actually played on the *Walk Among Us* LP. What's the truth?

I did not play on what is *Walk Among Us*. I played on the original sessions, which is what you hear on the *20 Hits* collection. If you listen, you can hear the difference between my playing and Doyle's.

Getting back to The Undead – you've continued to play music with a sarcastic bent and a nod toward the campy side of horror and B-movie culture. Is this a big part of your life? What are the things that influence your music?

Shit! I hate these kinds of questions. I don't have the time to be a big horror/B-movie fan, like those idiots who can tell you every actor/actress, and director of every movie ever made, and every stupid detail right down to the color underwear so-and-so was wearing in a certain scene. All I can say to those stupid people is, "Get a life!" It's like the guys in third grade who memorized the backs of every baseball card . . . give me a break. It's supposed to be fun, and that's all I see it as. Right

**THE
UND
EAD
ALIVE**



down to my music. I don't care if I'm the best guitarist or the worst. My music is fun. A lot of it is the result of my disgust with this world (kinda like a happy GG Allin), the hypocrisy of people involved in political and social causes. The ignorance and greed of bleeding heart liberalism. And my life on the streets of New York City. I just draw analogies between these things and horror movies. Like in "The Invisible Man." The song is about society's neglect of the down-trodden, the homeless, the disabled, people with AIDS. I always hear people saying, "Why doesn't somebody do something?" Wake up: you are somebody, so do something, anything. Even if you can't give money, just a friendly smile can make a homeless person's day. It's more scarce than money for people who are suffering. I learned this the last time I was in San Francisco. I passed two homeless guys – they were apparently gay – and, considering the way they looked, probably had AIDS. I was in a bad mood, so when they asked me for money, I just said, "No, sorry." One of them responded with, "How about a smile?" So I turned back and smiled, and they thanked me! It made me think.

Can you foresee a time when you'd be just Bobby Steele, and not The Undead, or are each just interchangeable parts of the same thing?

I pulled out of our contract with Stiff Records after they wanted me to dump Natz and Patrick Blanck and go solo. They were my friends, or at least I thought they were. I had a similar offer to dump Tim Taylor and Eddie Enzyme, but again I didn't want to dump my "friends." They wound up dumping me, so I don't look at loyalty the same way anymore. As long as I have the rights to The Undead, I plan on being The Undead. Whatever, I avoid performing as Bobby Steele. I don't have a big ego, so I don't want to put my name up there like that, except maybe for a side project.

An interesting part of your life is your handicap, which you make not a handicap, and which you seem comfortable talking about. What are your thoughts on that?

If only everybody else could look at it the same way. The discrimination is incredible. I know what it had to be like to be black in the '40s and '50s. People look at you differently, sometimes with pity, sometimes with contempt. People have to get over their

stereotypes. We're not all Tiny Tims, and we're not all Silas Barnabys [*March Of The Wooden Soldiers*]. This is the way we're portrayed in all forms of entertainment. Like when black guys were always the pimps and the drug pushers. I know that the A&R people are thinking, "He's crippled, people don't want to see that on stage." The same goes for booking agents at clubs. I can't get a good gig in the New York area, because the booking agents see me. In other places, where I get booked over the phone, I have no problem getting booked. I've been sexually harassed by paraplegics who have control in the music business. I'm a sexual curiosity to these people. I've had these people come to me and say that they've had fantasies about having sex with cripples. It's a control thing. I just tell them I'm not gay. When they try to push the issue, I tell them that they should have some respect for my sexual preference, especially if they ever expect to get respect for theirs, and I commend them for their courage. They then turn around and blackball me. Believe me, I'm no different from the rest of you, except that I walk funny. I get hate mail. Phone threats. It's incredible how people can hate you for nothing.

So what does the future hold for The Undead?

Who am I? Kreskin? Ask Kebrina Kincaid. It doesn't look very good right now. I want to do another record, but I can't find a record company that'll lay out the money to record it. I've contacted record companies that boasted, "We signed this band because they were able to sell five thousand records on their own." I tell them that I sold nearly twenty thousand copies of *Act Your Rage*, and they say that's irrelevant. I've tried for years to talk to somebody at Sub Pop, and they won't even take my calls. Unless the industry changes its discriminatory attitudes, we'll never be more than an underground band, and I'll never get out of the poverty that I live in (less than \$6,000 a year). If I can find just one record company that'll put some real money into The Undead, I know we'll be just about the biggest thing punk rock has ever known! I hope.

*Bobby Steele can be contacted
c/o Post Mortem Records
PO Box 358
New Milford, CT 07646 USA*

HEY KIDS! ITS ME!

* King TV *

HERE TO BRING YOU THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT THAT INSIDIOUS PLAGUE OF PROFLIGACY GNAWING AWAY AT THE VERY UNDERPINNINGS OF OUR CIVILIZATION...

MEDIA VIOLENCE!



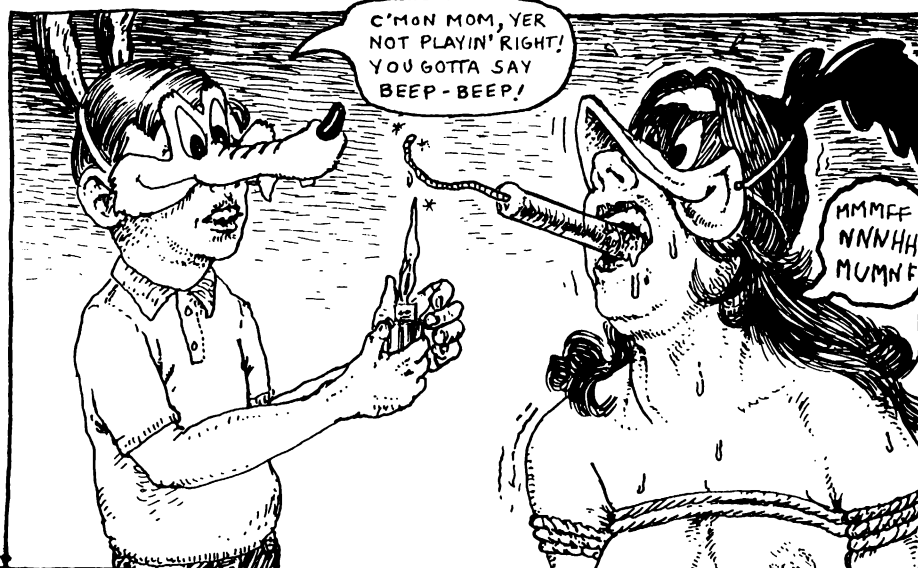
YEAH, ITS A VIOLENT WORLD WE LIVE IN! HELD HOSTAGE BY OUR OWN ANXIETIES, WE CAPER ABSURDLY FROM PATHETIC CONFRONTATIONAL POSTURING TO CRAVEN DISSEMBLING, TERRIFIED THAT THE NEXT ACT OF RANDOM VIOLENCE WILL IRREVOCABLY SHATTER THE FRAGILE ILLUSION OF SECURITY THAT RENDERS OUR EXISTENCE BEARABLE!



OH SURE, VIOLENCE HAS ITS ROOTS IN SOCIOPOLITICAL INEQUITY, RACISM, DESPAIR... THESE ARE THE CONSTANT CONDITIONS OF LOWER CLASS EXISTENCE. BUT IVE ADDED A NEW DIMENSION! A SHADOW WORLD OF UNFULFILLABLE DESIRES, UNATTAINABLE MATERIAL WANTS, CONDITIONED IRRESPONSIBILITY! I SING THE MIDWAY ELECTRONIC!

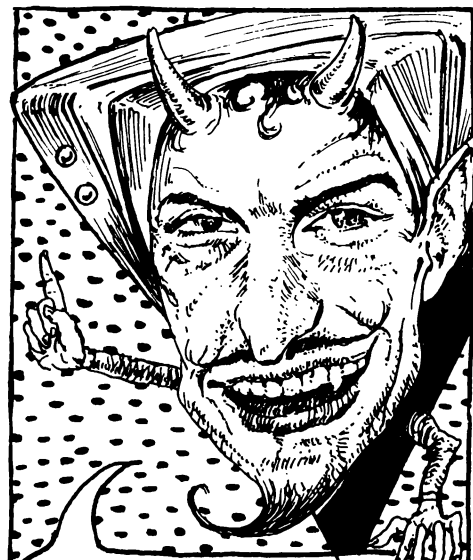


IN MY FATHER'S HEYDAY, GREAT PROTESTS WERE RAISED OVER THE PERNICIOUS FILTH SPREAD IN THE DANK BOWELS OF HIS DREAM EMPORIA, BUT TO LITTLE AVAIL. EVEN THAT NOBLE WARRIOR WILL HAYS AND HIS PRODUCTION CODE ADMINISTRATION COULDN'T STEM THE PESTIFEROUS TIDE OF SEX AND VIOLENCE INUNDATING THE FERTILE MINDS OF AMERICA'S CITIZENRY!!



C'MON MOM, YER NOT PLAYIN' RIGHT! YOU GOTTA SAY BEEP-BEEP!

MMFF NNNHH MUMNE



OH, THERES LOTS OF TALK ABOUT CURBING MY VIOLENT AND SEXUALLY AGGRESSIVE SIDE- ITS ALWAYS EASIER TO STIFLE PROBLEMATIC EXPRESSION THAN TO SOLVE REAL SOCIAL PROBLEMS. BUT I AINT WORRIED. BESIDES, THERES ALWAYS BEEN ALOT OF TALK!

BUT I'VE OUTGROWN THE LIMITATIONS OF MY OL' MAN AND HIS CELLULOID PALACES! THIS IS THE NEW GENERATION, BABY! THE GLOBAL VILLAGE! I CAN COME RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME AND CONDITION YOUR LIL' TYKES TO ANY BEHAVIOR I CHOOSE, RIGHT UNDER YOUR VERY NOSE! THE PIED PAVLOV GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, BABY!

"THE DISCOVERY OF THE ALPHABET WILL CREATE FORGETFULNESS IN THE LEARNERS' SOULS BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT USE THEIR MEMORIES; THEY WILL TRUST THE EXTERNAL WRITTEN CHARACTERS AND NOT REMEMBER OF THEMSELVES... YOU GIVE YOUR DISCIPLES NOT TRUTH BUT ONLY THE SEMBLANCE OF TRUTH; THEY WILL BE HEROES OF MANY THINGS AND WILL HAVE LEARNED NOTHING; THEY WILL APPEAR TO BE OMNISCIANT AND WILL GENERALLY KNOW NOTHING." SOCRATES



EVEN MY GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER, THE ALPHABET, CAUGHT SHIT FROM THE SO-CALLED GREAT MINDS OF HIS DAY!!

"THE ENVIRONMENT AS A PROCESSOR OF INFORMATION IS PROPAGANDA. PROPAGANDA ENDS WHERE DIALOGUE BEGINS. YOU MUST TALK TO THE MEDIA, NOT TO THE PROGRAMMER. TO TALK TO THE PROGRAMMER IS LIKE COMPLAINING TO A HOTDOG VENDOR AT A BALLPARK ABOUT HOW BADLY YOUR FAVORITE TEAM IS PLAYING." M. MELUHAN



IN MY ADOLESCENCE, I WAS PLAGUED BY CONSCIOUSNESS - RAISING PAP TECHNOLOGISTS!

WE MUST THINK OF THE MEDIA AS IF THEY WERE, IN OUTER ORBIT, A SORT OF GENETIC CODE WHICH CONTROLS THE MUTATION INTO THE HYPERREAL... WE MUST IMAGINE TV ON THE DNA MODEL, AS AN EFFECT IN WHICH THE OPPOSING POLES OF DETERMINATION VANISH ACCORDING TO A NUCLEAR CONTRACTION OR RETRACTION OF THE OLD POLAR SCHEMA WHICH HAS ALWAYS MAINTAINED A MINIMAL DISTANCE BETWEEN A CAUSE AND AN EFFECT, BETWEEN THE SUBJECT AND AN OBJECT... NOTHING SEPARATES ONE POLE FROM THE OTHER, THE INITIAL FROM THE TERMINAL: THERE IS JUST A SORT OF CONTRACTION INTO EACH OTHER, A FANTASTIC TELESCOPING, A COLLAPSING OF THE TWO TRADITIONAL POLES INTO ONE ANOTHER, AN IMPLSION - AN ABSORPTION OF THE RADIATING MODE OF CAUSALITY, OF THE DIFFERENTIAL MODE OF DETERMINATION, WITH ITS POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ELECTRICITY - AN IMPLSION OF MEANING... IN (THE) MEDIA DOMAIN WHERE THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN POLES CAN NO LONGER BE MAINTAINED, ONE ENTERS INTO SIMULATION, AND HENCE INTO ABSOLUTE MANIPULATION - NOT PASSIVITY, BUT THE NONDISTINCTION OF ACTIVE AND PASSIVE." J. BAUDRILLARD



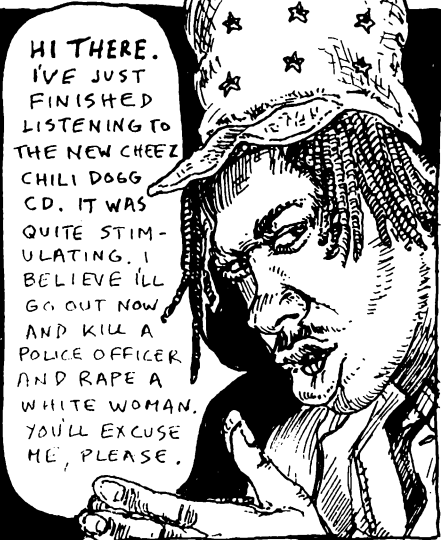
PROGRESSIVELY, THINGS HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF HAND...



"SUPPOSE THAT THE SEXUALLY EXPLICIT HAS A CONTENT ELEMENT: IT CONTAINS A PENIS RAMMING INTO A VAGINA. DOES THAT MEAN THAT A PICTURE OF THIS CONVEYS THE IDEA OF A PENIS RAMMING INTO A VAGINA? IF A MAN WATCHES A PENIS RAMMING INTO A VAGINA LIVE, IN THE FLESH, DO WE SAY HE IS WATCHING THE IDEA OF A PENIS RAMMING INTO A VAGINA? HOW IS THE VISUAL PORNOGRAPHY DIFFERENT? WHEN HE THEN GOES AND RAMS HIS PENIS INTO A WOMAN'S VAGINA IS THAT BECAUSE HE HAS AN IDEA OR BECAUSE HE HAS AN ERECTION? I AM NOT SAYING HIS HEAD IS NOT ATTACHED TO HIS BODY; I AM SAYING HIS BODY IS ATTACHED TO HIS HEAD." K. MACKINNON

... SO THAT NOW, THE INSIPID PAP THAT IS PEW HAS MORE AUTHORITY THAN THE IMPASSIONED CRITIQUE OF LEGALIST JUGGERNAUTS ATTEMPTING TO DISMANTLE MY EVIL EMPIRE AND NEUTER MY OPPROBRIOUS OFFSPRING!

NO, I AINT WORRIED. THERES TOO MUCH MONEY INVOLVED FOR ANYBODY TO REALLY INTERFERE WITH MY OPERATIONS. ANYWAY, I KNOW WHAT THESE EFFETE CANDY-ASSED P.C. LIBERALS AND NEO-NAZI FUNDAMENTALISTS ARE REALLY AFRAID OF! WORD UP! ITS THE HOMEYS AND FLYGUYS AND MAC DADDIES FLEXING THEIR HORMONE PUMPED EBONY MUSCLES AND YAMMERING ABOUT HOW THEY GON TEAR UP THAT PUSSY AND WASTE WHITEY THAT TERRIFIES LEFT AND RIGHT ALIKE! HELLY, THEY WILL VENT THEIR FEAR ON A FEW "UPITY" GANGSTAS AND LEAVE ME TO MY COMMODIFYING JIHAD! WOOP, THERE IT IS!



HI THERE. I'VE JUST FINISHED LISTENING TO THE NEW CHEEZ CHILI DOGG CD. IT WAS QUITE STIMULATING. I BELIEVE I'LL GO OUT NOW AND KILL A POLICE OFFICER AND RAPE A WHITE WOMAN. YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.

LET THEM CALL ME WHAT THEY WILL, "BOOB-TUBE", "IDIST BOX", "PLUG-IN DRUG", "THE BLAND LEADING THE BLAND", "DREAM KILLER", "CINEMA FOR THE BLIND", "TOASTER WITH PICTURES", "VAST WASTELAND"! WHILE THE PARASITIC FOPS POSING AS ARBITERS OF TASTE INDULGE IN POINTLESS ARGUMENT OVER THE PORTRAYAL OF VIOLENCE AS CONDITIONING FOR VIOLENCE, AS INDUCEMENT TO VIOLENCE, AS EDIFICATION FOR THE INHERENTLY VIOLENT, AND AS VIOLENCE ITSELF, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE **REAL VIOLENCE!**



THE **REAL VIOLENCE** THAT YOU GLADLY SUFFER EACH AND EVERY DAY! A VIOLENCE OF YOUR OWN MAKING, WHICH OOZES, GLISTENING AND TUMESCENT FROM OUT OF THE NOXIOUS EFFLUVIUM OF YOUR MUDDLED THOUGHTS, A SELF-GENERATED VIRUS THAT CONSUMES ALL HIGHER FUNCTIONS AND LEAVES YOU A DROOLING HULK, LUMBERING MINDLESSLY ABOUT THE FRINGES OF THE ELECTRONIC MIDWAY, LURED FOREVER ONWARD BY THE PRETTY PRETTY LIGHTS OF AN ENDLESS ARCADE OF OBSCENITY!



IM NOT JUST A MIRROR TO YOUR DESIRES, I AM YOUR DESIRES! MY VIOLENCE IS **YOUR VIOLENCE!** WE ARE ONE! INSEPARABLE! INDIVISIBLE! I AM HE AS YOU ARE HE AS YOU ARE ME AS WE ARE ALL TOGETHER! 600-600-600-3008!

ITS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, I MEAN, IT JUST **FEELS** RIGHT, ITS THE REAL THING. ITS, YOU KNOW, THE RIGHT ONE, BABY.

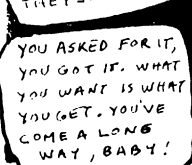


THEY DONT WANT TO BE ELOQUENT THEY JUST WANT TO BE LISTENED TO!



YOU ONLY GO AROUND ONCE; YOUVE GOT TO CELEBRATE THE MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE.

THEY DONT WANT TO BE COMPELLING, THEY JUST WANT TO BE WATCHED!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU GOT IT. WHAT YOU WANT IS WHAT YOU GET. YOUVE COME A LONG WAY, BABY!



THEY DONT WANT TO BE ACCOMPLISHED, THEY JUST WANT TO BE WEALTHY!



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Hardcore: The Films Of Richard Kern Vol. II (d) Richard Kern (1991)

by Dom Salemi

You may have heard of Richard Kern and the film movement known as the Cinema Of Transgression he helped found. Maybe you haven't. Alright, here's the lowdown: Rick's a North Carolinian who got bored with being a Tarheel and moved to New York. To the real New York, the lower Lower East Side. While deciding what he wanted to be when he grew up he saw what guys like Amos Poe and Nick Zedd were up to and said, "Hey, I can do that" and right then and there decided to become an impoverished filmmaker. But not just any ordinary impoverished filmmaker, an experimental filmmaker. And not just any ordinary impoverished experimental filmmaker. Rick was going to be the one to go beyond the sordid, beyond the ugly, into the truly shocking and so lead us beyond ourselves. Yes, lead us through. Transcend, transcend . . . "down in vineland girl shoot white stuff . . ."

Wait, that's a song I've heard before. One that Buñuel and Dali and Cocteau and many others have sung. Beauty should be convulsive or not at all and all that . . . So maybe Kern never heard of these guys or listened much to Patti Smith. What first attracted me to Rick's work was the fact that unlike most avant-gardists Kern had the kind of people talking and writing about him who normally could give two shits about obscure Lower East Side artistes: pornography buffs, S&M enthusiasts, gorehounds, pop culture chroniclers, noise rock fans, intellectuals, hard core cineastes, Indiana natives.

And before I had even seen the films this phenomenon had me asking why. Or rather what. What do lovers of Freddy Kreuger and Sonic Youth and Karen Finley and Ezra Pound see in the short works of Richard Kern? Well, after watching these pieces a couple of times, here are a few tentative conclusions: (1) Kern has great taste in music and knows how to employ it as effective backdrop and ironic counterpoint; (2) He hires attractive actors—both male and female—all of whom are quite comfortable flaunting their genitals and appear incapable of being embarrassed; (3) Kern's shorts simultaneously project both repulsion and fascination with its subjects. The viewer is never sure if the camera is caressing the actors or savaging them. This ambivalence creates a wonderful degree of tension in the work; (4) Sex and violence are often confused and sometimes equated. This is shocking, frightening, sexy, and often very funny; (5) As a photographer (and isn't that what a filmmaker is when you get right down to it?), Rick has a fine gut instinct for what works as violence and what works as eroticism. In other words, he's got a great eye; (6) Mr. Kern isn't timid nor is he sentimental. He knows that the beautiful also resides in the ugly and the obscene. You just have to shoot it from the right angle. And finally, (7) The filmmaker doesn't care what you think. This might make him an artist. This might make him an idiot. It doesn't matter; if you don't know or care who your audience is or even if there is one for

your whatever it is you do, you might, just might, end up with something arresting and original.

The following are some notes based on the shorts contained within this compilation. Hopefully, they will elucidate some of the points I made above. If they don't, return to the points I made above.

Goodbye 42nd St (1984)

Kern walks around the Deuce filming the exteriors of grindhouses peep shows, kiosks and burger joints. This is intercut with shots of Rick burning his face with cigarettes, a couple strangling and throwing up blood on each other, a beautiful woman gouging her lovers' eye and a man axing the brains out of another man who is performing fellatio on him. In the background, an unnerving piece of industrial noise, replete with screams, is repeated endlessly. The point? Sordidness can lead to a terrible strange beauty. But not always.

King Of Sex (1990)

Nick Zedd rolls around on the floor with a hot blonde and a hotter looking brunette. The brunette tries to give Nick a blow job but his penis is uninterested. The theme song is an amusingly obnoxious rock harliquinade. Nothing is proven. Nobody cares.

Fingered (1986)

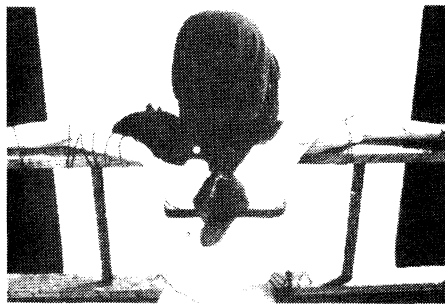
Our story opens with Lydia Lunch having phone sex with an infantalist. She grows bored and hangs up. Her next customer, an amoral goon named Marty turns her on so much she decides she must have him. Marty is unmoved. He slaps Lydia's ass, sticks his finger up her rectum, then energetically fist fucks her when he fails to get his cock hard enough for anal sex. After this idyllic tryst, the couple take to the road where they slash one guy's throat, stab another in the leg and then brutally rape and assault a young girl. In between these spirited hi-jinx, Marty

fucks Lydia with his gun. The dialogue, which is little more than profane exchanges—"Make me fucking come you fucking pig." "You like that? You fucking pig whore!"—never fails to amuse. Not to amaze. Just amuse. Is hateful violence and sexual degradation funny? You bet. Especially if the girls are deliciously low and the boys are far too earnestly masculine.

Submit To Me Now (1987)

Over hard rhythms and acerbic guitar noise, courtesy of Mr. Ruin, we are presented with a number of attractive people (and one pudgy male) doing progressively stranger and more violent things. The short begins innocently enough with two lubricious, leather clad strippers dancing and the aforementioned Mr. Ruin jerking off, but before we're allowed to leave, we have to watch a guy pull his trachea out and another get pinned to the floor via chest, face and penis by a lovely blonde mini-skirted misanthrope. Neither the sex or the violence looks real but it sure is funny thanks to the rather cavalier way in which it is filmed and edited. Which of course, it wasn't. Tragedy is easy. Comedy is hard. But none of the men here are. This is a puzzlement.

The Evil Cameraman (1990)



Jap Anne - The Evil Cameraman

Perhaps a better title would have been the "frustrated cameraman." Kern (that is Kern isn't it?) casts himself as a moviemaker who ties up girls in weird ways but never

gets to have sex with them. No real violence in this one but every scene seems just about to erupt in mayhem of some sort. Why does the attractive lantern-jawed woman allow the crotch to be cut out of her tights and then, rather than let herself be ravished, walk on her hands? Why does this remind me of so many Loisaidsa slags I have met?

X is Y (1991)

Beautiful, sometimes semi-naked women pose and roll around with guns. In the background the phone beeps and sqwaks while the number 666 is endlessly intoned. Is frustrating the desire for violence erotic or frustrating the desire for sex with violence erotic? Or do I just need to jerk off after watching all this sex *and* violence?

Moneylove (1991)

A fashion shoot of a lithe naked brunette turns into a semi-erotic massage. The short-cropped, busty but dowdily dressed blonde photog is the one getting rubbed and just when she and things start to heat up, the film ends. Fashion is glossy, artificial, stylized. And whether it involves boys or girls, it is all terribly, terribly silly.

Pierce (1990)

A gorgeous red head gets her nipples pierced. She groans erotically for us while undergoing the painful procedure. Afterwards, adorned with her new nipple rings, she plays with her breasts and mugs lasciviously for the camera. Pain and pleasure. What's the difference as long as it looks good?

Well, there you have it. Draw your own conclusions. I've already drawn mine. If you find yourself agreeing with me maybe this Kern character really has something. I'm not sure what it is, but I find myself fascinated by his work. And strangely moved. At least from the waist down.

Teenage Gang Debs

(d) Sande N. Johnson (1966)

by Aaron Lee

I remember when the words "teenage gang debs" conjured up happy visions of couch potatoes with a Xerox machine fretting over *Brady Bunch* trivia. That innocent, carefree time has been forever soiled. Now I see grainy black and white footage of Brooklyn skanks banging bozos with rough skin on dirty mattresses. Of catfights in filthy back alleys between sluts in white lipstick. Of rotten-toothed grins as bored-looking yobs hack the shit out of each other in a spastic round of dueling switchblades. And frankly, it's even more satisfying than the amazing episode in which Peter's voice changed.

Kudos to Johnny Legend who unearthed a nice print of the long-lost *Teenage Gang Debs* and dumped

it on Something Weird Video. This sick, gritty slice of '66-era New York gutter life manages to bridge the gap between 50's gang-jukebox epics, 70's biker flicks, and downright smut.

The plot (ahem) follows Terry (Diane Conti), a manipulative little Manhattan bitch who muscles her way into the Rebels' cycle club (an empty apartment adorned with a keen magic marker "Rebels Forever" poster). She uses her Mary Tyler Moore-like good looks to bed Johnny (John Batis), the leader of the pack, and becomes his "deb" (but not before clock-cleaning Johnny's current "pig"). Assuming the role of Deb Supreme means wild nights smoking reefer and dancing around with absolutely no concern for the music being played. However, it also means burning Johnny's initials into your chest—at which Terry balks. "No way, buster!" Through the grace of a

sleazy shtup with second banana Nino (Joey Navdic, who comes off like an even denser Lenny from *Laverne and Shirley*), Terry convinces the resentful yes man to "cut Johnny's guts out." With Nino in charge (and pussy-whipped in extremis), the halter-top Hitler can *really* stir up girl trouble. She organizes gang rumble after gang rape, orders the death of anyone who looks at her funny, and talks a lot of shit. When the rest of the Rebel chicks have had enough (or more realistically, when the director ran out of film stock), Terry must suffer an unspeakable fate at the hands of the... *Teenage Gang Debs*.

Sounds exciting, huh? Actually, it's *not*, which is one of the best things about the poverty-imposed cinema verite approach. There's a hilarious, and very *real*, sense of how fucking boring adolescence can be. Swaggering, bombastic jazz erupts with unintentional irony over scenes of Rebels in nice sweaters, drinking Cokes, pitching pennies, and riding their bikes around in circles for what seems like an eternity. The badly choreographed fight scenes are probably a fair approximation of the epic battles that went on between kids who saw *The Wild One* and *West Side Story* way too many times. And a scene of Terry at home with her comatose parents is straight out of *Eraserhead*! The monotone delivery of the non-professional cast (including "members of the RPM and Queensboro motorcycle clubs") somehow gives real weight to the outbursts of mean-spirited sex and violence.

Not all is mundane nihilism in Brooklyn. Before the credits roll there's time for a ludicrous dance craze attempt, the "Black Belt." Watching this room full of aging hooligans kick and chop at the air, completely out of sync with each other, is as maddening and unforgettable as Lee Dowell's accompanying theme song. Sure, it's not as slick as the video for "Beat It," but these are *real* gang members, buddy. And *Teenage Gang Debs* is the real deal. Highly recommended to the square and hep alike.



America's Funniest Splatter Videos

by Greg Goodsell

Black Devil Doll From Hell (1986)

(d) Chester N. Turner

In horror fandom, some wait an eternity for the next *Night of the Living Dead*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* or *Re-Animator*. Your humble reviewer has more realistic goals — he waits for the next *Black Devil Doll From Hell*! Yes, you heard right, *Black Devil Doll From Hell*, a nutty camcorder trip through a black suburban hell the likes of which Jamaa Fanaka or Rudy Ray Moore haven't seen even in their worst nightmares.

Black Devil tells the tale of a chocolate, cornrowed Jerry Mahoney ventriloquist's dummy who forcefully initiates a black church-going matron (Shirley Jones) in the pleasures of sex. Beneath its ugly amateur home video technique, the picture bludgeons the viewer about the head and shoulders with a harsh, uncompromising vision of contemporary black urban life that is the quintessence of political incorrectness. Audiences who have recently discovered this film liken it to blaxploitation classics of yesteryear. In any case, shouting out choice lines of the puppet anti-hero at inopportune times like, "I'm gonna take your cherry, bitch!" and "Now that you have tasted the wrath of my breath, you's gonna feel the pleasures of my tongue!" is guaranteed to enliven a dull family reunion or a besotted television party that has run on far too long.

Tales From The Quadead Zone (1987)

(d) Chester N. Turner

In Turner's next outing, the horror anthology, *Tales From The Quadead Zone*, we find a much more prosaic stance taken toward the grotesque. Which is fine because stories like that of the poor white family which takes to slaughtering its

own members to insure food at the dinner table or the one in which a distraught mom is "comforted" by the ghost of her deceased little boy don't need too much in the way of literary or cinematic embellishment. And despite his technical ineptitude, Turner's unique, ethnocentric approach and his storytelling abilities make him a much more welcome presence in the genre than other straight-to-video-no-talents like David DeCoteau and J. R. Brookwalter.

Splatter Farm (1987)

(d) P. Alan

The only other amateur video horror film to even approach *Black Devil Doll*'s shock value and offhand genius is the criminally neglected, never-before-reviewed (as far as I know), *Splatter Farm*. Parading under a generic title and negligible video box art, this flick is a descent into depravity which is sure to shock even the most jaded viewer. But jaded or not, within the first few minutes even an uneducated eye is likely to conclude that this isn't the typical gore film: atmospheric shots of the titular farm are interspersed with those focusing on a lipstick and rouge bedizened teenage male ax murderer; a victim turns out to be little more than old clothes stuffed with hamburger; "blood" with the viscosity of watered-down tomato juice splatters a window. What is going on here?

No time to wonder because suddenly we are in the presence of twin brothers speaking to each other in the most adenoidal voices this side of Erkel. They are on their way to grandmother's farm for a much-needed vacation. In an Andy Milligan-esque cutaway, shots of one of the brothers guzzling whiskey out of a bottle are inserted for no other reason than to introduce elements of alcoholism to the threadbare narrative. *Splatter Farm*'s master stroke is its casting of the grandmother, a dumpy sexagenarian biddy who looks like Larry "Bud" Melman but is far less talented. "Grandma has the hots for

ya. You can tell just by the way she looks" says one sibling to the other. Later on, grandma is spotted lustily drooling over her favored grandson while licking her lips and attempting to play footsie with him underneath the dining room table. Meanwhile, animal carcasses fall out of bathroom medicine cabinets, mutilated corpses begin to clutter up the adjoining woods and all manner of shocking heretofore taboo topics come into play. So shocking that I feel that I must warn all endomorphic gore hounds with oedipal complexes not to even think of renting this video.

Are these flicks difficult to find? Of course they are. Is it worth expending the considerable effort to track them down? Of course it is. Why? Because the work of the ingeniously depraved is worth its weight in gold. Or feces. What's the difference? You're reading *Brutarian*.

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Charles Middleton and Rosemary LaPlanche
Strangler of the Swamp

Strangler of the Swamp

(d) Frank Wisbar (1945)

by Dom Salemi

This moody terror tale is a compelling mixture of the darker strain of German romanticism and the expressionistic style found in so many Teutonic films made in the wake of *Das Cabinet Des Dr. Caligari*. Such foreign and otherwise unusual elements were rare in Hollywood films made during WW II, to be sure, but Wisbar was a most unusual director. He began his cinematic career in Germany, where, even in an aesthetic community noted for its acceptance of experimentation, he developed the reputation of a maverick. In 1936, Wisbar directed a striking fantasy film in the manner of Fritz Lang and Carl Dreyer. Although bearing the somewhat pedestrian title, *Faehrman Maria* (Ferryman Maria), the picture was a rather bold variation on the ubiquitous Nordic "death and the maiden" story. The feature was not a success

and whether in reaction to its failure or the Nazi stranglehold on the German film industry, Wisbar left for Hollywood shortly thereafter.

It was while toiling at grade-Z studio PRC (Producer's Releasing Corporation) that Wisbar was able to convince some unsuspecting producers to remake his *Faehrman Maria* with himself as director and writer. Of course he didn't tell his financiers that the film was to be a remake of an obscure German fantasy flop. Instead, the kanny Kraut sold the project as a horror movie about a vengeful ghost. PRC bought the idea and thus, in a classic case of poetic justice, the studio which just a few months before had been pushing acromegalic Rondo Hatton as the next Boris Karloff, was hoodwinked into remaking a German art film.

The female ferryman in *Strangler* is Rosemary La Planche whom we first glimpse materializing from the mist at the edge of a swamp. Maria has come to the bog to assume the

operation of her father's ferry after what she thinks was a sudden illness. In reality, her daddy was murdered by a wraith (eerily played by Charles Middleton aka Ming the Merciless in those *Flash Gordon* serials), who in life was the swamp's original ferryman. Just before swinging from the gallows tree for a crime he did not commit, the ferryman had sworn to seek revenge against his executioners and their descendants. Ever since, this restless spirit has haunted the marsh, strangling his victims with nooses fashioned from fishnets, vines and other seemingly harmless particulars of quag life.

As might be expected, much of *Strangler* occurs on the set where, reportedly, most of its meager finances were expended: the swamp. Certainly very little of the budget was used to furnish the interior sets; yet Wisbar still manages to invest these scenes with a lugubrious tone. All rooms are dreadfully underlit, and what little light Wisbar allows is made to dance querulously across the pale, harried faces of his cast. Furnishings are sparse but function as an appropriate objective correlative to character.

Artful as much of Wisbar's picture is, it falls considerably short of being a masterpiece. The performances of its leads are too nondescript to be memorable and the cloying – and at times downright bombastic – musical score is inappropriate for a work set in such a minor key. Further, the film's scant sixty minutes attempts to accommodate far too many incidents of plot and theme. And yet, there are those striking sets (particularly the expressionistic swamp – a shroud-like backdrop laced with fragmented shards of moonlight and framed with moss-coated trees jutting absurdly through dense layers of manufactured fog); those disturbingly angled shots; the camera's unnerving tendency to quietly glide across the scene.

Wisbar made several more films for PRC, such as the relatively undistinguished *Devil Bat's Daughter* (1946) and the now-forgotten *Light-*

house (1946) before moving to Screen Guild to direct a few more unimaginative flicks. From there it was on to television where he toiled for awhile before returning to West Germany. Wisbar died in relative obscurity (but not before making *Commando* (1964) for AIP) and today he is remembered, if at all, primarily for this single sixty minute picture he made for PRC almost forty-seven years ago. While I'm still not sold on Frank's talent, I have to admit that his *Strangler Of The Swamp* is a disquieting little gem. If you're at all interested in horror, you really shouldn't miss it. And it's only an hour long so where's the harm?

The Big Combo

(d) Joseph H. Lewis (1955)

by Dom Salemi

Joseph H. Lewis is one of many directors celebrated for a single film. In his case it was *Gun Crazy*, the hopped-up story of a pair of bank robbing lovers more in love with their guns than with each other. Lewis, however, made another picture that in many ways, was far more interesting, complex and entertaining: *The Big Combo*.

The film, released long after the movie-going public had tired of film noir and its cynical anti-heroes, its moody atmospherics, its post-war pessimism, nevertheless managed to create quite a stir when it hit the screen thanks to Lewis and his scriptwriters' relatively objective treatment of the bad guys – in fact it's sometimes hard to tell just *who* the bad guys are supposed to be – a few nasty scenes of sadism, and the sensitive and rather restrained treatment of prostitution and homosexuality. No less an authority than the American Film Institute describes this opus as the "first truly sadistic piece of American filmmaking" implying that it paved the way for a new direction in the art.

Now I'm not so sure such extravagant claims can be made for this "programmer" (and let's not forget that Karl Fruends's *Mad Love* and Edgar Ulmer's *The Black Cat* were made almost twenty years before *Combo*) but it certainly is an unusual tableau Lewis sets before us. You've got a hero of sorts, Lt. Diamond (Cornel Wilde), who's so obsessed with the girlfriend (Jean Wallace) of a mob boss (Richard Conte), that he's totally unaware of what a pathological nut case he's become. Wilde, in fact, is dead. Dead to his associates on the force, dead to his career, and dead to the one person who really loves him, a sexy prostitute (alright, showgirl) ready, willing and able to go straight if Wilde would only ask.

But Wilde isn't asking. He's after Conte because he figures if he brings Conte down Wallace will tumble for him. What's ironic is that Wilde doesn't understand that Conte, despite the fact he's a vicious killer, really loves Wallace. And that's why Wallace hasn't left him. And that's what makes Conte, for all his depravity, more human, more sympathetic, than supposed "righteous man" (Conte's characterization) Wilde who is little more than a zombie. Conte feels, really feels. Wilde does not and so it is Conte we're drawn to when he tells us "First is first. Second is nobody. The difference is in hate. Hate the guy who tries to beat you. Kill them and the girls will come tumbling after." This is the philosophy of a psychotic but there's passion behind it. A passion that makes us curiously empathetic when Conte, later in the film, tortures Wilde by placing a hearing aid in his ear and turning up the volume on a radio playing some hot jazz. Sure Conte is crazy but he's human; he can "hear" the music. We're not sure Wilde can.

The girlfriend, Wallace, is also an interesting study. Spoiled rich-girl, schooled musician, and a neurotic so full of self-loathing over her relationship with the swarthy Conte she can hardly bring herself to look in the mirror. When first we meet,

Wallace is running, running from two shadowy figures chasing her through the dark, ill-defined corridors of a sports arena. Easily and quickly captured, Wallace, despondent, attempts to kill herself shortly thereafter. She survives but never really recovers, spending the rest of the film floating through every scene in a kind of somnambulist languor, a drowned Ophelia idly drifting down rain filled gutters. Is it any wonder Wilde is so mesmerized by her cold, marmoreal temperament? They're perfect for each other: Orpheus and Eurydice wandering in search of each other in a noir underworld.

What can we say about the way Lewis manipulates things so as to have our sympathies falling firmly on the side of Conte's murderous henchmen Mingo (Earl Holliman) and Fante (Lee Van Cleef)? They're killers and misogynists. They're also homosexual lovers. That, in Fifties semiotics, makes them something even worse than killers. It brands them as depraved perverts. Yet Van Cleef and Holliman are also the only well adjusted couple in the film. Conte may "love" Wallace but there's little tenderness in his touch; he doesn't caress her, he paws her. When he kisses Wallace his lips move quickly from her lips to her throat, pause for a moment and then glide to (we can assume) her pudenda. And when Conte speaks to his amoranta it is in the clipped tones of a martinet: "A woman dresses for a man. Go put on white." By contrast, Holliman never looks at Van Cleef with anything remotely resembling hostility. And when Holliman, the stuper and weaker of the pair, puts his hand gently on his lover's shoulder, Van Cleef, even though they are in public, does not push it away, rather, he allows it and permits himself something of a smile. The duo understand and accept their roles both in their relationship and in Conte's hierarchy and neither one ever tries to supplant the other. Almost every scene with the pair underscores these points. It's love. True love. And it's based on a recognition of the strengths, weak-

nesses and needs of the respective partners.

As novelist and critic Barry Gifford so astutely observed in his collection of film noir essays, *The Devil Thumbs A Ride*, Lewis knows how to make the dark work for him. With a little strategically placed lighting and some wispy curlicues of fog you can "make" the dark say anything. And Lewis does. Many of the exterior shots are invested with a romantic melancholy that would do Edward Hopper proud. The interior scenes, especially those in Wilde's office and his apartment, are not devoid of light exactly, but what illumination there is is so weak that you end up with the feeling that it's just a matter of time before the night swallows up everything. Come back tomorrow to visit the detective and you'll find him sitting alone in the darkness. The dark promises mystery, whispers sweet nothings in your ear, offers refuge but if you give yourself totally to it, it will swallow you up. Our first glimpse of the beautiful blond Jean Wallace is as radiant seraphim, her face framed in soft white light, a Pre-Raphaelite angel with halo. At the end of the film she walks off with Wilde into inky blackness. There is no lambent aureole playing about her head. Richard Conte literally runs from the spotlight Wallace turns on him before he is shot to death by Wilde the dark avenger. Conte has lived so long in darkness that light is actually painful to him. Better to die than to have to come out of the dark and live in the bright.

The Big Combo is not the delirious psychopathic romp that is *Gun Crazy*; it is a more subdued and somber film. The pleasures to be found here are in the subtle character interactions, the moody atmospherics, the eccentric performances, the clever variations on the theme of l'amour fou. Small pleasures to be sure, nonetheless rewarding.

Raw Force

(d) Edward Murphy (1981)

by Dom Salemi

Joe Bob Briggs, our nation's resident expert on drive-in features, once opined that the perfect film of this type has to allow you to take long breaks for whatever reason (there's only one Joe) and still be perfectly understandable when you decide to resume watching. I disagree. I think the perfect drive-in flick has to be so packed with action and incident that if you miss even a single moment you'll be forever lost. Such is the case with the hilarious *Raw Force*, a terrific little exploitation picture criminally neglected by the burgeoning psychotronic film community.

The plot is kind of complicated but again, that's what I'm looking for in my supernal drive-in movie, so bear with me. If an alternate title would help with what follows then think of *Raw Force* as *Lust Boat Goes To Comic Karate Hell*. And if you think that's explanation enough you might want to skip the next paragraph's plot synopsis undeniably entertaining as it is.

Three American chop-sockey experts jump on board a dilapidated cruise ship skippered by bloated, real-life swillbelly Cameron Mitchell to make the singles scene and to visit some of the islands surrounding Taiwan. One of the stops is the mysterious . . . **Warriors' Island**, a burial ground for disgraced martial artists. Unbeknownst to all on board . . . **Warriors' Island** is inhabited by a sect of lubricious cannibalistic monks with the power to raise the dead. Since the monks have already eaten everybody else on the island – this is a guess here – they obviously need fresh meat. How do they satisfy their depraved carnal desires without drawing attention to themselves and . . . **Warriors' Island**? Well, what would you do? Of course, contract with the nefarious Dr. Speer, a guy who bears an

uncanny resemblance to the Alec Guinness of *Hüller: The Last Ten Days*, for a continual supply of nubile Chinese babes. In exchange for a constant raiding of the whorehouses of Taipei, the malificent M.D. and his gang of thugs get the whores' weight in jade (except for the ones that are too skinny, those they feed to the zombies). Naturally the evil Doctor manages to discover the itinerary of elbow-bender Mitchell and his boat of boobs (literally and figuratively) so he has his gang board in the middle of the night, kill as many of the passengers as they can and then set the ship afire before jumping overboard. Mitchell, even with three sheets to the wind, somehow manages to get the few remaining passengers into rubber rafts and away from the burning vessel. Destination? Yes, indeedy, the dreaded . . . **Warriors' Island**. Much funniness ensues.

You still reading? Good: here's the best part. The film is almost non-stop action with some pretty damn good fight scenes choreographed courtesy of legendary martial arts champeen Mike Stone, and when the action does stop you get a ridiculous, pie-eyed performance by the perennially paralyzed Cameron Mitchell and dialogue so infantile you'd think it had been penned by the writers of *Sesame Street*. There's also copious bloodletting, a good guy who looks and fights like Bruce Lee and tons of beautiful babes who spend most of their time getting in and out of diminutive bikinis. Until they get to . . . **Warriors' Island**. There they put on diminutive outfits which are quickly torn off by the blue skinned disgraced martial art zombies. Boys and girls let me tell you this was the reason drive-ins were invented. And, unfortunately, this was also the reason most drive-ins went *out of business*. Still, exploitation just doesn't get much better than this. (Available from Video Search of Miami)

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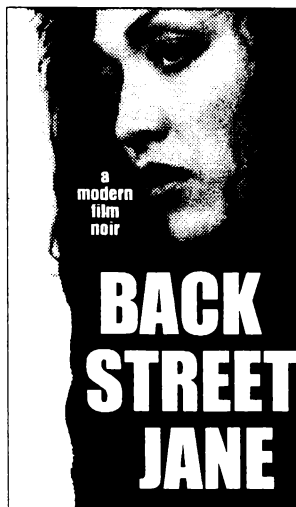
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(1967) Strip clubs around the globe. Plenty of nude gals - including Jayne herself. Adults Only.

Ecstasy (1933) Beautiful Hedy Lamarr appears nude in this infamous Czech film.



Back Street Jane (1989)

Two gorgeous hustlers doublecross an evil femme fatale - resulting in multiple murder. Contains nudity, violence, etc. Adults Only.

The Lonely Sex (1959) A young woman is kidnapped and held hostage. Rare 1950s nudity.

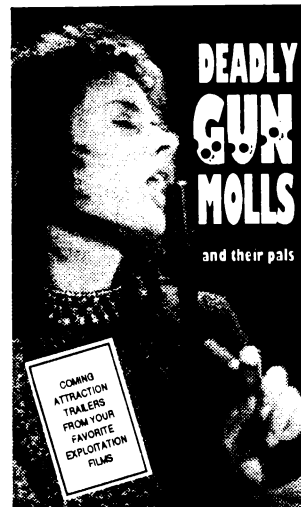
Naked in the Night (1958) "Misguided young women who sell themselves for money!"

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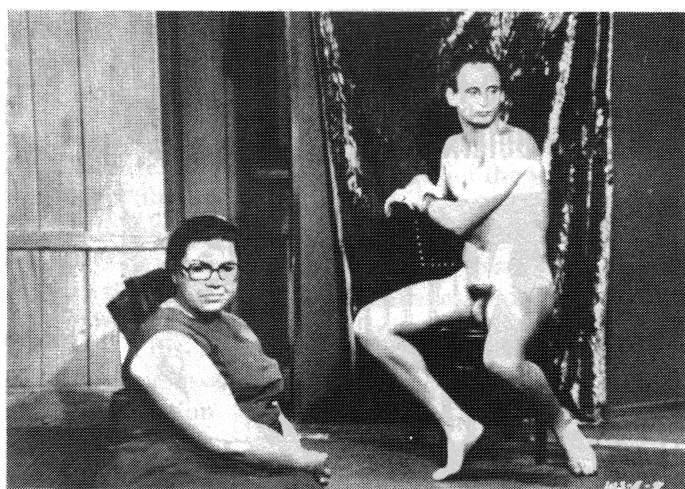
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ARIAN

The Godson

Nineteen seventy-one must've been the year they invented silicone because man, oh, man every female thespian in this movie is sportin' 'em big as a pig! Every one! Like, I mean *all* of them! And just how much did Jason Yukon have to pay to act in this thing? As Marko, an aspiring (not to mention perspiring) godson to a mafia big-wig, he gets to nail just about every chick in the flick. One of whom is Uschi Digard, for all of you fans. The other babes are pretty cute, too. Especially the incredibly sexy Lois Mitchell as the Don's daughter. She ain't Don Knott's kid, that's for sure! All of the men have long '70s sideburns. The cool low-budget Bond-riporff credits are super-imposed over various images of nude bodies and guns. There's a pretty intense shootout finale involving a chained-up buxom blonde hostage. I guess my only minor complaint is that some of the soft-core sex scenes go on a bit too long. Overall though, great sleaze from director William Rotsler. "Damn! Is he shackled-up with pussy-squad again?" (1971)

Jason Yukon

... which I've recently been informed means "Ham Ham." I saw this Spanish flick a few months ago and it didn't leave much of an impression. Let me try to remember now ... Some young guy breaks up with his poor but nubile girlfriend. I think she's pregnant. The guy's rich mom, meanwhile, hires some beefcake stud to seduce the young chick so her son'll dump her. The mom starts bangin' the stud too. The young guy gets depressed and screws his girlfriend's mom who is a prostitute, I think. Oh yeah, the guy's father also tries to fuck the young girl. I think. So, basically everyone bangs everyone else, some people have a slap-fight with some slabs of meat. (Hence the title, Truffaut.) Somebody dies. The end. I guess I expected something more ... well, *anything* from director Bigas Luna, the dude who made *Anguish* which I'm told is a lot cooler. You won't be slap-pin' your meat to this one. (1993)

by Brian Horrorwitz

Well, ok, it wasn't in 3-D as I had hoped. More sicko Japanese bondage stuff, this time from director Kage Eto. I could just imagine how the trailer for this might go: "Three times the sadism! Three times the brutality! Three times the fun! Ruriko – a shameless, nubile dick-tease just out of 'Beppin' school! (Wink, wink) Reiko – her older sister – disgraced by her defilement of several American army peni! Ruriko . . . Reiko . . . Man, does this film reek! See it all in blazing Sa-doscope! *Captured For Sex 3* – You'll believe a man can tie!" *CFS 3* doesn't have as many contraptions and bizarre sex situations as *CFS 2*. (See last ish review – yer helpful friend Brian.) It focuses mainly on the story of Reiko's abduction by Yamamoto, a wealthy businessman who was once her private chauffeur. One day he spies her being savagely raped. He follows her to the beach where she seems on the verge of suicide before he intervenes. He brings her back to his house for "coffee," but ties her up first. (This is why there are no IHOPS in Japan.) Yamamoto suddenly starts to act a little strange as he claws at her with a stuffed raven, whips her, tortures her with a feather duster, and forces her to listen to Shonen Knife at an extreme volume level. Now that ol' Yammy-Baby is pretty worked up, it's time for Reiko to "Blow the Chauffer" as we used to say in Hebrew School. As with most Japanese films of this sort, there comes a point where Reiko seems to start to enjoy this treatment. Meanwhile Ruriko, her younger sister-in-law is tormenting Reiko's bed-ridden old dad by undressing in front of him. One day she hops in the sack with him sending Daddy-O straight to heaven via the Coronary Express! Shit, better than Hara-Kari, I say! When the Yamster cruelly informs Reiko of her father's death, she breaks down crying and becomes completely submissive. Yam starts plugging away as he tells her over and over "Your dad is dead. Dead as dirt." Hmmp. Mr. Subtlety. But guess what . . . (As in every one of these twisted Japanese flicks) . . . She likes it! She likes it! Sick, sick, sick. Once she completely submits to him, things only get worse. *CFS3* is not quite as artsy as its predecessor, trading 2's quick cutting, quirky electronic music, and over-use of various sexual

devices for a more straightforward approach to telling the story, and a "bluesy" soundtrack. Both films share a common mood not only in their plots, but also the blatant matter-of-fact approach they take as if everything happening is normal. *CFS 3* also has a revenge motif as its excuse for the ensuing mayhem: Yam's emotional torment by his previous employer (Reiko) which is told in quick flashbacks. Sorta like "Captured For A 73 Minute Grudge-Fuck." The ending is particularly heavy and totally over-the-top. Don't wanna give it away, but let's just say you'll think twice before ordering a Ginsu knife after this one. Strong stuff for particular tastes. (1993) (Available from Video Search of Miami)

The Girl Grabbers

Louie and Nick are two tough mugs workin' for Frank – the big cheese of their little crime racket. In their spare time they walk through the city shoving around innocent bystanders and pinching girls' butts. Louie, who we're supposed to believe is a real sadistic fucker, looks more like some kinda computer geek with a fixed snarl – like he's always really constipated or sumptthin'. He spends most of the film sharpening his one-and-a-half inch pocket knife. Ooh! Scary! After randomly raping one unlucky woman, her boyfriend sets out to track them down. Along his hunt, the boyfriend questions various people including a go-go dancer (who's go-go seems to have went-went a few years back) and Lynn, an overzealous prostitute who he interrogates with his dick. When he goes to Frank's garage – a hideout for the gang – he is captured. Louie goes back to the first woman and forces her to come with him to the garage, threatening her boyfriend's safety. Then, with the man and woman tied to chairs, Lynn the ho' shows up! Now the real sparks fly when Frank finds out about Louie and Nick's wrongdoing and the girlfriend learns of Lynn's little bone-session! All of this is on the verge of a big drug deal which is about to go down. And speaking of going down, as soon as Frank splits to take care of some pre-deal business, the action really heats up as our gang of misfits treats our couple to a little bondage orgy! As if

this wasn't enough, Frank is now planning on killing not only the couple, but Lynn as well! The movie has an interesting plot (hell, most of these things hardly have any plot) but I can't heavily recommend this film. The main reason is that the print is way too fuckin' choppy. This alone usually doesn't bug Onan, but it seems that in this case a lot of the nude shots were clipped out, probably by some horny projectionist. Talk about your girl grabber! Sheesh! (1968)

Migosh! A sexploitation movie that actually looks like a movie! Creative editing, sound-on-sound, imaginative non-linear storytelling via flashbacks and dream sequences, and an actual story to tell. The direction kinda reminded me of a Nicholas Roeg film minus the art references plus a bunch of tits. In the 1890's, "Diamond" Jim is a rich businessman, and all-around nice-guy type, if somewhat unconventional in his bargaining methods, i.e., using prostitutes as "bonuses" on business deals, hiring two attractive women to get secret info from a drunk stockbroker, etc. His brother Pat is a womanizing loaf who, jealous of Jim's success, hires hitmen to kill him. Although there isn't tons of sex, the film succeeds mainly because of the obvious care spent making it. I have no idea who the director was because most of the credits are chopped out. Actually, that's the only problem with this flick, the film print is really, really scratchy. If you're at all anal about this sort of thing, then perhaps you might wanna watch something else. (Like a nice Disney laser disc.) I imagine this is one of those super-rare film prints. It would be a shame not to see a well-crafted gem like this because the print is somewhat messed-up. If only there were more gratuitous sex scenes, such as the seemingly obligatory bar-room catfight! Yowsa! Still, *Diamond Stud* is a very well-crafted piece of "art" (whatever that is) that creatively incorporates old railroad and San Francisco earthquake stock footage, and has an unpredictable, fast-paced story, decent acting, and an original look overall. Leave the baby-oil on the shelf for this one, though. (1970)

Onan liked this one! Sleaze with a capital S! Janie and her husband live in the city. (Cambridge maybe?) They are abducted by a secret sex club and put through a series of fetishistic and somewhat brutal sexperiences. Director Ron Sullivan delivers an erotic if slightly unconvincing series of sexual torments and dominations. Comes across as sort of a "Story of Oh, Yeah. Right. Sure." The head of this group is a vicious, mean-looking short-haired woman who plays her part almost too well. The couple is separated and taken from room to room, some of which have bars instead of doors, and put through various forms of whippings and such. One large-breasted blonde in black lingerie cuffs the hubby up and whips his little butt while a sneering, sunglassed leather-jacketed thug looks on and laughs. Then, she uncuffs him, and demands that he whip her! Kinky, eh? Janie spends most of her time looking like a confused puppy. After one rough session, the head madam has the other women tend to Janie's wounds, although she just can't resist putting her cigarette out on Janie's bare foot! Who could? Things get even rougher as Janie is put in a small enclosed prison-like courtyard (which reminds me of *Salò* for some reason). She's then lead through an alley where she's forced to watch some bearded fuck break a nude girl's neck! Ouch! The flick gets raunchier with raw-egg sex, nude dancing, and a group orgy where Beardo gets a lube job -- from another dude! Wow! These cats are progressive! Although most of the film takes place in this almost claustrophobic world of maze-like alleys, hallways, cells and such, the last scene moves to the beach and all of a sudden it's like Steckler or Rollins had suddenly taken over the direction. But *Rat Pfk* this ain't. The low production values and sparsity of dialogue seem to add to the seediness of the story. The acting is generally inspired, although some of the men look a bit like college preps. If DeSade had gone to Harvard in the 1960's he probably woulda been here. The soundtrack consists of well-used "mystery" music and a woman (Janie?) reading poetry from time to time. The ending is particularly effective -- heavy and twisted, yet somewhat moving. Whether or not any of this stuff is arousing depends on your own sordid tastes. *La Dolce Vomito*. (1967)



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If you've flipped quickly through the pages of *Brutarian* you've probably noticed that Oz' column is a little short on reviews for this ish. No, I haven't been on vacation or taking a sabbatical at a sanitarium; I've just been waiting for some interesting looking exploitation flicks to hit the video racks or the multiplex emporiums. For months I've been waiting. Months and months and months. And then about two weeks ago, it suddenly hit me like a brick between the eyes: *they're not really making exploitation flicks any more!* Oh sure, you've got guys like Charles Band, Fred Olen Ray and whoever the fuck it is that runs Troma Films vomiting product, but, c'mon, you and I know these filmmakers aren't really producing "exploitation." At least not the kind of film Oz and his many fans would define as "exploitation." Why? Because men like Band and Ray are far too clever, too schooled in 60s and 70s trash to make a true "exploitation" film. They do market research before they even get behind the lens. And their research tells them that the money lies in producing filler for the cable channels. "Channels": from the Old Norse for tedious adherence to the demands of village elders. Standards far removed from an H. G. Lewis or a David Friedman or a Harry Novak. Sure these mavericks wanted to make money too but they were relying on their own instincts not those of a Cinemax programmer. You think I'm romanticizing don't you? Okay, let me ask you a question. What's closer to your idea of a sleazy appeal to base human desires, *Cannibal Holocaust* and *Bloodsucking Freaks* or *Chain Of Desire* and *Critters 4*? See what I mean?

This revelation depressed Ozzy a great deal. So much so that he gave serious consideration to giving up drinking. But as Ozzy understands the terrifying duality of the human condition, i.e., we are literally gods who shit, this, as you

can plainly see, was a practical impossibility. Ozzy gets drunk for the same reason Omar Khayyam did, to forget himself for a moment, forget that he has a mind with a limitless imagination tied to a body decaying each and every second of every minute of every . . . Or let me put it to you like this. Descartes, in attempting to explain himself, theorized thusly, "I think therefore I am." Ozzy, who shouldn't have to explain himself, "drinks so that He may continue to be a man."

Now where was I? Oh yes, no exploitation movies. Well if you consider things like *Friday The 13th Pt. 27* and *American Cyborg*, exploitation, I suppose the genre isn't dead. But damned if Oz was going to watch flicks like this in an empty multiplex theatre. Hell no, he was going to watch these pictures outside, as part of a triple-bill. The way God intended him to. Unfortunately, this meant Oz had to rack-up some serious miles on his boss cherry red '65 Le-Mans driving to backwaters like Dumbfok, Maryland and Incestville, West Virginia. Just to see trash (not the people, that's a given, I mean the films). And mostly boring trash too. But hell, they *were* triple-bills of trash, and after you've driven two hundred miles and drunk a couple of cases of cerveza along the way, you're ready to hunker down and watch anything. Even flicks that star Bruce Willis.

Ah hell, I'm reading this and it looks to me like I don't have the foggiest idea what I'm talking about. So I'm going to quit babbling here and let you get to the reviews, but before I do, I just want to say, thank fucking God for Baltimore's Benji's Drive-In (the largest screen on the east coast), where they'll let you sleep it off while they set up Sunday morning's flea-market. Or is that Saturday morning's? Read on, what follows is important.

Videos are available through the Video Vault unless otherwise noted.

Man's Best Friend - (d) John Lafia (1993): So what do you get when you cross a dog with a python, jaguar, owl, chameleon and bear? Well, according to the producers of this campy horror film, something that looks like Cujo, has a thing for bitches resembling Lassie, can swallow cats whole, outrun police cars, climb the hell out of trees, leap tall fences in a single bound, disguise itself as garbage, and do engine work. Of course being such a ridiculous cross breed doesn't do much for the dog's state of mind. In fact, if it wasn't for the neuropathic drugs administered by its creator, Dr. Jarret (Lance Henriksen), the dog, whose name is Max, would be little more than a rabid monster. Lori (Ally Sheedy), an up-and-coming video journalist, doesn't know this. She just wants to expose Dr. Jarret and his nefarious animal testing lab. But when she breaks in with a videocam toting assistant and discovers the adorably ungainly Max she decides to run off with him. Big mistake. Soon Max is roaming the neighborhood eviscerating mailmen and terrorizing newspaper delivery boys. All of this is played for laughs by both the director and a surprisingly good natured cast. Which, considering the script, turns out not to have been such a bad idea.



Death Wish V - (d) Allen A. Goldstein (1994): Charles Bronson (nee Buchinsky) is one hundred and forty-seven years old. That's right, one hundred and forty-seven. I called the Lithuanian emigration office to double check and they confirmed this. So naturally, you can't expect Charlie to be doing any heavy mano a mano in the fifth, and hopefully last, installment in this tired series. But I did expect a little more than death by cannoli and death by soccer ball! And something a little more exciting than scenes like the one where Bronson is sitting on a bed and hiding a gun behind a Raggedy Ann doll and another where . . . Are you getting the drift here? Charlie can barely move and I'm not sure this flick ever does. Come to think of it, Michael Parks, here playing the part of the shanty Irish mob boss who murders Bronson's wife and sets things in motion, wasn't moving too fast either. But trust me, if you're foolish enough to buy into this twentieth anniversary "celebration" of the first installment of the quintet, you will find yourself moving quite quickly. For the exit. Well before the picture is over.

The Corpse Fucking Movie - (d) Film Threat Video (1993): *Fangoria* readers are going to be jerking off all over themselves while watching this

putative documentary of controversial horror auteur Jorg Buttgereit. That's because this really isn't a documentary but a series of outtakes of the more horrifying scenes in *Nekromantiks I & II* and *Der Todesking*. Oh sure, we get a few questions concerning the nature of horror and Jorg's thematic preoccupations, but what the geniuses at Film Threat are really interested in are lithe German women making love to dummies made up to look like corpses, spurting blood and fake penises (some of which also spurt blood). And let's be honest, don't we all take delight in such things? Oz certainly does and he was also thrilled to discover a repulsive short feature concerning a rejected lover who commits suicide and comes back as his former girlfriend's mutant baby tacked on to this video as a surprise bonus.



Guilty As Sin - (d) Sidney Lumet (1993):



Don Johnson is many things, most of them bad, but one thing he is not is a lady killer. You want to know who's a lady killer? Ronald Coleman, Errol Flynn, William Powell. Those are lady killers: suave, soigne, and perfectly poised, men in possession of preternatural charm so powerful that no woman can resist it, whether sophisticated chateau or ill-bred hoyden. Don Johnson may be handsome but can you see him seducing Katherine Hepburn or Greta Garbo? Of course not, he lacks savoir faire, grace and, most importantly, intelligence. To look into those beautiful baby blues is to look into a void. So I have a little trouble with even a moderately schooled woman like Rebecca De Mornay falling for ole Don. Especially when she's playing the part of a brilliant up-and-coming lawyer. Especially when Mr. *Miami Vice*, who's supposed to be the height of fashion, appears completely unfamiliar with the concept of a hem. Especially when D. J., who everyone knows is a gigolo serial killer, tries to seduce DeMornay with

lines like, "I'm not going to apologize for being me!" So why is this an instant kitsch classic? Because Larry Cohen (*Ambulance*, *God Told Me To*, *Maniac Cop*) has written a great story that refuses to acknowledge the existence of subtlety. Because Larry was somehow able to convince ponderous auteur-disbeliever Sidney Lumet and the aforementioned fading stars De Mornay and Johnson to take this warmed over reshaping of *Jagged Edge* seriously. Because Larry is able to convince us that a rich woman would settle for a beautiful and shallow man instead of a beautiful and intelligent one. Just like the rich guys do when they go looking for a mistress.



Boxing Helena ~ (d) Jennifer Chambers Lynch



(1993): Someone should have boxed the ears of the bigwigs at Orion for sinking money into this fiasco, a banal tale of "romantic obsession" directed by the immensely untalented daughter of David Lynch. Perhaps you remember this film, it bestirred the national consciousness for a few moments during the fall of '93 thanks to an ad campaign focusing on the picture's *raison d'être*: sex with a beautiful, limbless woman. Ah yes, now you recall. Julian Sands as a mad doctor abducting Sherilyn Fenn and then surgically removing her arms and legs when she refuses to take him as her lover. Now I know *exactly* what you're thinking at this point: "Let us admit the picture to be a total failure, even on the so-bad-it's-good level, surely the sex between this odd couple is deliciously sordid?" Afraid not. And you know why? Because they never have sex together. Even when she still has her arms (Sands is a considerate guy, he doesn't cut everything off all at once. And besides if he cuts off the arms how's he going to get jerked off? Or have his ass played with? Ever tried to play with your own ass when making love? You've got to be a fucking contortionist.) What director Lynch (who also

wrote the infantile screenplay) finds more interesting is having Fenn sit in a French Provincial styled chair atop an immense walnut dining table while Sands swoons over her. So instead of grotesque and disquieting coupling we get Julian shrieking, "I never meant for it to be like this!" and Fenn calmly responding with poetic epigrams on the order of: "Woman is something warm, something soft when you feel her," and, my favorite; "Sometimes a woman is sad, sometimes she is angry." John Keats couldn't have said it any better. Dr. Seuss, though, probably did. One can must be awarded however, for the gratuitous – and constant – display of Ms. Fenn's lovely and delightfully parabolic breasts.



Female Misbehavior - (d) Monika Treut (1993): A collection of short films examining the sexual philosophy and practices of four deviant women. The first segment is the best as it deals with the always entertaining Camille "2000 Words A Minute" Paglia. Amidst the overly familiar philippics against academicians and feminists we learn that Ms. Paglia is a bisexual bottom lesbian who has trouble seducing women. Why? Because females view her as a cartoon character. (Men, who apparently don't interest Camille as much never want to copulate with her. They are overwhelmed by her prodigious intellect.) As Camille prattles on and on in her machine-gun poetic style moaning about her lack of sex life, she, unbelievably, begins to transform into the cartoon character she feels herself to be. Camille, you want to get some pussy? Don't talk so much, a whisper, a shiver and a sigh can speak volumes. The other three bits, which allow us into the lives of a lesbian bondage enthusiast, a she-to-he transsexual in progress and Annie Sprinkle, are less interesting mainly because they follow the preternatural Paglia's pyrotechnics. Still, you do get to see Sprinkle's cervix and to listen to a lot of hilariously misinformed chatter about sex and men – "They've got sex on the brain. They masturbate at least three to five times a day." "Bondage is the new thing in sexual play." Hopefully, Ms. Treut's next effort will find Camille straightening out these deluded doyens of depravity. Both literally and figuratively.



Gore In Venice ~ (d) Mario Landi (1992): Alright, here's a flick that's going to have all of Ozzy's many fans shaking their heads in bewilderment while asking themselves, "Well does he like the fucking movie or doesn't he?" On the one

hand—Ozzy was employing the other constantly during this screening—Mr. Fide cannot profess to enjoy a motion picture that gleefully depicts beautiful women getting stabbed in the genitals, having their legs slowly sawed off and other sundry depredations too numerous to mention. On the other fairly sticky hand, Ozzy has to admire a work that effortlessly accomplishes what it set out to do: adroitly mix arousing soft core sex, gratuitously nauseating violence and a fairly intriguing mystery story (Is the balding philosophy student the killer of a perverted architect and his wife?). I don't know who the audience for this kind of thing is but the Italians call it "giallo" which, loosely translated, means to generate tumescence and self-loathing. (Available from Video Search Of Miami)



American Cyborg: Steel Warrior ~ (d) Boaz Davidson (1993): You take the landscape of *Blade Runner* (well a cheapo version of it) and the premise of the *Terminator* (with dreadful acting) and somehow, somehow, you still wind up with a decent flick (maybe it's all that Christian symbolism). Our setting: a barren post-nuclear world run by a computer system has herded what is left of the planet's population into the burnt-out shells of the major cities so as to insure the extermination of the human race. Why all the human beings have to be jammed together when the women have been rendered infertile by the atomic blasts is beyond me. I mean if this is the case, there ain't gonna be no homo sapiens eventually so why does this computer God feel it has to keep an eye on everyone? Right? Well, anyway this incredibly gorgeous, pneumatic, doe-eyed blonde bimbo (Nicole Hansen) just happens to be the *only* fertile woman left on earth and somehow the computer knows about it and the plan for her to take her unborn fetus to a ship on the other side of the city (which looks something like Newark) where she and it are to be whisked off to Europe. Unfortunately for Nicole, the killer computer has a killer cyborg dogging her and as if that wasn't enough, she's got to worry about the city's vicious leather drag queens and mutant radioactive cannibals. Enter Austin, a kookie karate kicking kind of Conan (Joe Lara, the Joseph to Nicole's Mary), to save the day. I know this all sounds ridiculous but the whole shebang is nicely lit and shot — especially the night scenes with their cool neon blues and lambent whites — smartly paced and fairly suspenseful. Although the fight scenes rely far too much on reverse hook kicks and forearm blocks, director Davidson endows his junkyard and warehouse sets with a nice

end of the world feel and knows how to play on our fears of confined space.



Body Bags ~ John Carpenter & Tobe Hooper (1993): Showtime's answer of sorts to HBO's *Tales From The Crypt*, this horror anthology finds Master Carpenter shuffling about as a ghoulish mortician and making dreadful jokes before introducing three fairly entertaining terror tales. The best of the lot has Stacy Keach doing an hysterical turn as a middle aged stud going slowly insane over his encroaching baldness. Why Keach worries over something as silly as the loss of a few locks of hair when he's got the sultry and curvaceous Sheena Easton pawing him at every opportunity is beyond me, yet worry he does. So much so that he willingly undergoes a revolutionary hair treatment at the hands of a smarmy David Warner and an even smarmier Deborah Harry. The other stories — a machete wielding Robert Carradine stalks a naive coed working an all-night gas station; former *Blue Boy* pin-up Mark Hamill plagued by nightmarish visions as a result of an eye transplanted from a serial killer — are less interesting, but they provide a decent measure of chills, some effective gore effects and a few laughs to boot. I've docked two cans because of Carpenter's (or Showtime's) refusal to demand his lubricious actresses doff their clothing for their art. C'mon John, if you can show Hamill's butt why not Twiggy's rib flaps? Who do you think watches this stuff besides alcoholic hacks like Ozzy anyway? That's right, heterosexual adolescent boys and lonely heterosexual men. So we want breasts with our blood. And no, the mammaries of blue female corpses don't count. No matter how big they are.



Ghost In The Machine ~ (d) Rachel Talalay



(1993): 20th Century Fox is touting this as the film "made by the director of *Freddie's Nightmare*." As if that were a guarantee of anything. But, for a lot of people, especially horror fans, I suppose it is. So are those morons going to be shocked and disgusted when they discover that Wes Craven neither wrote nor directed this lame techno-horror exercise. (Nor did he direct the aforementioned *Nightmare* but if you ask the average gorehound he's gonna tell you that Wes directed all the *Elm Sts.*; thus the misleading advertising campaign.) So lame in fact that it makes *Maximum Overdrive* look like the work of Jean Cocteau. And just get a load of this novel premise: the soul of a serial killer gets swept into a huge computer corporation's circuits allowing him to travel at will through the city's electronic interstices wrecking havoc on whomever and whatever tickles his mainframe. Now, I ask you, what would you do if you discovered that you were, literally, a *deus ex machina*? Of course, electrocute all of Karen Allen's friends and then overload that freckle-faced baby's batteries. Directed without a trace of snap, crackle or pop by Ms. Talalay, this de-energized dud is recommended to computer hackers only. Oh, and word to Ms. Allen: it's dead. Even a jump-start can't save it. Your career that is.

Extreme Justice ~ (d) Mark Lester (1993): I'm sitting here trying to finish the last of the bourbon. It's really cheap bourbon and it doesn't matter because it's about two o'clock in the morning and I've just had an incredible revelation: You know what really bad cheap movies and really bad expensive movies have in common? Alright, you probably have known the answer for years but when you're stinking drunk at two a.m. just remembering where you are is a revelation. Anyway, the answer is: a bad script. I've watched about six million pictures and I never knew the answer to the aforementioned question until I saw

this film. So I have to tell you about it. Interestingly, there are some things about this flick that make it fairly tolerable despite the ludicrous screenplay: adroit directing (Mark Lester of *A Hard Day's Night* fame); decent character acting (Yaphet Kotto, Scott Glenn, Lou Diamond Phillips, Ed Lauter); and a really hot looking almost attractive female lead (China Field). Yes, all this makes *Extreme Justice* extremely tolerable. So much so that you'll hardly notice the ridiculous story that has something to do with hot shot undercover agent Phillips regretting his joining an L.A.P.D. hit squad which gets to blow away every repeat offender in the community without having to answer to anybody. Why is this a problem for Phillips? Sounds like a dream job to me.



Jason Goes To Hell ~ (d) Adam Marcus (1993): It has become fashionable of late for the politically correct to sing the praises of the heretofore reviled slasher film genre. The reasons most often cited are as follows: (a) a woman is usually cast as the hero(ine); (b) by endowing said woman with the masculine characteristics of strength and cunning it gives the primarily pubescent male audience the chance to identify and get in touch with their feminine side; and (c) because the heroine is usually sexually inexperienced, as opposed to the hot and horny couples who get slaughtered, she serves as a virtuous symbol of chastity. Ozzy feels that these aesthetic fascists are ignoring the fact that: (d) slasher films are usually directed by moronic hacks without a trace of wit or style; and (e) there is something incredibly depressing about watching beautiful and healthy young men and women getting slaughtered. The latest installment of the *Friday The 13th* series, which has the soul of Jason jumping from body to body in an attempt to reincarnate itself, is powerful testimony to the righteousness of Ozzy's politically incorrect stance. Sure there's some "spectacular" gore effects in this special director's cut. So what? There's "spectacular" effects on almost every page of James Joyce's *Dubliners*. Why don't you forget about shit like splatter for a while and give your brain a real treat?



Blink ~ (d) Michael Apted (1994): No matter how many times you blink you're still not going to believe you're watching something this dopey. Madeleine Stowe stars as a blind fiddler who gets a corneal transplant and then begins to have strange visions. Well, they may not be "visions," they may be real but delayed visions, the result of "retroactive vision," an unusual visual side-effect of this kind of transplant. After having to listen to this kind of cockeyed babble so early in the film, Ozzy began to have visions of his own. In any case, one of the things Stowe may or may not have seen was the murderer of a neighbor in her apartment building. Enter Aidan Quinn (who appears to have come to grips with the fact that it's perfectly acceptable to move the body when speaking) as a skeptical detective assigned to the case. Aidan thinks Madeleine is a nut but falls in love with her anyway. Madeleine can barely see the nose in front of her face but falls in love with Aidan anyway. And the killer who knows Madeleine is still virtually blind decides to kill her anyway. Anyway you look at it, *Blink* is a pretentious, boring, muddled mess redeemed only slightly by the transcendent, alabaster beauty of Stowe.



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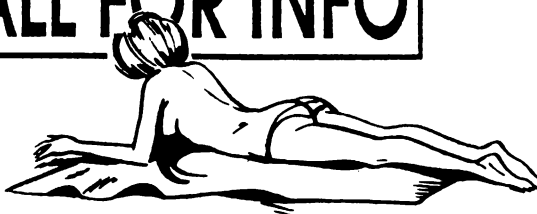
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DATE



HOME



ALONE



Audio Depravation

Keith Brewer (kb)
Aaron Lee (al)

Brian DiPlacido (bd)
Craig Regala (cr)

Steve Jeffries (sf)
Dom Salemi (ds)

Brian Johnson (bj)
Alan Wright (aw)

■ **All - Breaking Things:** An edgier version of the Shoes? Husker Du with a more interesting sense of melody? Thrashy power pop? Whatever, it's far too youthful for me but cuts like "Shreen" and "Stick" will have me (and probably you) following All with a watchful eye in the knowledge that down the road, if they manage to stick together, they could be one of the hottest bands in the universe. *Could.* Nevertheless, this literate and entertaining piece of vinyl is a must have for both Du-woppers and worshippers of the Replacements as the *ne plus ultra* of post-punk. (Cruz, Box 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807) ds

■ **Barkmarket - Gimmick:** Looking for this band's "gimmick" will have you barking up the wrong tree. That's because this Brooklyn combo's sound defies easy definition and songwriter David Sardy's lyrics are almost forbiddingly oblique. Let's deal with the latter first. Sit down in the "Easy Chair" and try to figure out what the singer's ranting about. Kind of complicated isn't it? It has something to do with intelligent individuals blaming something other for their relative failure and yet congratulating themselves for having achieved a small measure of success. Now we'll take a ride with a "Car Jack." Is our third person guide limning a portrait of a disturbed hoodlum or serving up an indictment of materialism and the acquiscent consumer? None of this yields to ready interpretation but it's sharp, provocative and restlessly intelligent. As is the music which is not really "music" as you understand it but shaped sound built around dynamics, texture and rhythm. No choruses and if we can believe Barkmarket, every cut has about 10-11 chord or time changes per song. Holding it all together is the impassioned bellowing of Mr. Sardy and the savage guitar licks flailing over and against the roiling sonic backdrop. (American) ds

■ **Jello Biafra with Plainfield:** I don't get this bit at all. What is Plainfield and what the hell is Mr. Biafra doing with them?

And who is this Smelly? Is he really a psycho killer who likes to abuse little boys in his off hours? I don't know. Nor do I think I care. Biafra seems to think both Smelly and Plainfield are pretty cool though. He talks to Smelly about molesting and killing between the three half-finished noise rock pieces played with Plainfield. Or maybe not played with Plainfield because maybe like Smelly, Plainfield doesn't exist. I don't really care. About whether Smelly or Plainfield exist or the songs which are not really songs that is. And you know, maybe in a metaphysical sort of way, the songs don't exist either. Maybe that's the point. Maybe I'm not supposed to know. Or to care. Maybe. (Alternative Tentacles) ds

■ **Broken Hope - The Bowels Of Repugnance:** Here's one that will suck the shit from your rectum and pull it clean out your windpipe and have you loving the taste. Musically, standard thrash with plenty of weight and tricks; lyrically, along the "sensitive" lines of The Mentors, G.G. Allin, etc., although this is just a guess on my part as the "singer" is the typical "devil with throat cancer." (Song titles like "Coprophagia," "She Came In Chunks" and "Decimated Genitalia" seem to suggest a somewhat less than politically correct attitude.) A good bet for the terminally fucked, great accompaniment for long conversations on the white telephone and a sure-fire way to get your soon-to-be-ex-wife out of your house and life faster than a case of newly acquired genital warts. (Metal Blade) bj

■ **Chemlab - Burn Out At The Hydrogen Bar:** Hard rock mixed with cyber beats and computerized industrial sound with a few harsh techno rock cuts thrown in for good measure; this is how I would describe Chemlab's latest offering. The duo believes their music sounds like The Stooges hacking the mainframe and forbids us from mentioning Nine Inch Nails (with whom Chemlab recently toured) or Ministry so I won't. I would like to mention that the lyrics are bitter and hateful and are a perfect match for the music if that's alright with these

anomized, atomized and alienated guys. Also that this in an incredibly "heavy" work. This later observation is tendered as a most pleasing compliment in the hope that these most unworthy reflections will not cause bitter enmity toward us from individuals obviously far superior to us in almost every way. (Metal Blade) ds

■ **Billy Childish with the Singing Loins - At the Bridge:**

After a year's worth of unimaginably gut-wrenching and abrasive garage crunch, Mr. Childish wraps up 1993 with introspective folk ballads. Would you believe it's the most honest, raw and painful take (on the same three chords) in the whole batch? Six new compositions and eight not are interpreted with banjo, accordion, flute, guitar and alcohol. Lots of alcohol. Lots of red-eyed revelation ("One More Bottle to Drink"), suicide attempts ("At the Bridge") and self-hatred ("Every Bit of Me"). And lots of fun, as if getting bombed with bar buddies and singing your heart out somehow makes up for being molested by your dad ("The Bitter Cup"). Until the next morning, of course. (Damaged Goods) al

■ **Andrew Dice Clay - The Day The Laughter Died Part II:**

So what do you want us to say? Do you want us to apologize for digging this guy? Do you want us to risk embarrassment by falling all over ourselves and telling you how much we worship the Diceman and how, hard as it is to believe, this release is even better than his last which we thought was the funniest thing in the whole fucking history of comedy? Well, fuhgedaboutit! Here's all you have to ask me: Dom, if a couple of friends and I wanted to kill some time before we went downtown to birddog chicks and drink irresponsibly would this thing be worth a spin to get us loose and pump up our confidence? And this would be my response: Absofuckinglutely, because on this presumptive sequel (there actually was a part one) Dice has apparently lost his motherfucking mind and fallen in love with the mere sounds of vulgarity. There are no routines here. No bits. Just cursing and hostility. And most of it works. Amazing. (American) ds

■ **Combustible Edison - I, Swinger:** Nicely realized post-modern take on 50's cocktail lounge and exotica which in itself was an unwitting post-modern take on big band and Polynesian sounds. So that makes this post-modern post-modern muzak, adding up to a kinda now, kinda wow, kinda thing. It's fab, it suavely swings and its got a way cool chanteuse. Way cool, daddy. Literally the quintessence of somnambulistic languor. File next to your Coctails CDs or better yet, your recherche art deco cocktail shaker. (Sub Pop) ds

■ **Creatures Of The Golden Dawn - 1000 Shadows:** Formerly known as simply The Creatures, the band has added an extender onto their moniker for some unknown reason. While they've been around for some time now, this is the Creatures' first full-length release and it's pretty hot. Twelve originals and three covers result in a tidy little package of garage-folk-rock-pop music. Songs like "Satan's Love Slave," "In A Lonely Room" and "It Feels Like The End Of The World" not only have great titles but catchy melodies and an addictive quality to them. Toss in the well-played covers of "Doin' Me In" (Gonn), "Enough Of What I Need" (Stoics) and "You Know How I Feel" (Love Society) and it's enough to convince me that these guys aren't going . . . ANYWHERE! Nah, just kidding. (Dionysus) aw

■ **Cro-Mags - Near Death Experience:** The boys are back in town, reportedly for the last time, nailing the last spike into the coffin of their highly influential brand of hard-core. Not a whole lot has changed from the hugely successful *Age Of Quarrel* LP from a few years back, a slight tilt towards the metal side of things perhaps, but if the 'Mags spun your beanie before, this final offering will satisfy. Despite the thick layering of "Khrisna, our eternal spiritual Master" sentiments, this one goes good with a few beers and/or a good brawl. Did I miss the point of this band? No matter, when you've got this kind of noise happenin', who cares about ideals? (Century Media) bj

■ **Crunt - Crunt:** Hot and harsh harsh harsh are the sounds of this hard rocking art noise trio. Composed of members of Babes in Toyland, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and Lubricated Goat (like this makes a difference, right?), Crunt builds its songs around Stu Spasm's spasmodic strangled singing and riffs hotter than Miami in late August. Then, to show off how well-schooled the combo is in mid-eighties Lower East Side experimentation, dollops of oddly tuned buzzing dissonant guitar noise and grating textures are added. What's especially endearing about this release is that when the band decides to take a break from rocking like nobody's business, they don't slow things down, but switch to some nasty, fractured, highly danceable funk. Impressive, quite impressive. (Touch & Go) ds

■ **The Cryptones - Teen Trash, Vol. 1:** What have we here? Vol. 1 of the "Teen Trash" series (each volume features a different band and all are limited editions with matching covers by Rudi Protrudi!) is also the swan song for France's Cryptones. One side's studio stuff, previously released by the band as cassette demos, with highlights being the catchy "You've Got To Know" and a cover of Les 5 Gentlemen's "Si Tu Reviens Chez Moi," as well as a breezy surf instro called "Spanish Waves." Side Two's live, with a garagey version of The Stooges' "No Fun" kicking things off, followed by a version of "Miserable Vot're," originally done by the aforementioned Les 5 (from Montreal, Canada). "Brutal Beach" is another surf song, and "A Tombeau" and "Bad Times" are kicking garage tunes. Yeah, it's all pretty boss, but for me, the "live" side is the best due to better sound quality and energy level. Garageheads will want to check this out. (Music Maniac) aw

■ **Dazzling Killmen - Face of Collapse:** Now look, I read a review of the Cure's *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* and if I didn't know better I would have thought the writer was talking about Big Black's *Atomizer*. So if you read a positive write-up of Tool in the mainstream press and start rooting thru co-workers' coats in an effort to come up with the spare change to buy their overrated platter . . . well, use the purloined cash to grab this instead. A dense hard-core rock reminiscent of The Rollins' Band's *Life Time* without the overt chops and yowling. Reminiscent albeit submerged in the revved-up acid art rock (think meanness) chord changes of the Deviants or No Means No in service of packing the wallop chinward. So you see stars as an effect, not affect. Another record from SkinGraft this good and I'll proudly tattoo their moniker on my ass. (SkinGraft Records, Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625) cr

■ **Dick Dale - Tribal Thunder:** Dick Dale didn't invent surf music or even the style of playing known as surf guitar but he was probably the first to fashion a repertoire of songs whose lyrics were pegged to the jargon and habits of surfers. This plus the fact he was extremely talented has continued to make him quite influential in the garage rock demimondaine. *Tribal Thunder* is Mr. Dale's first release in about a century and it's totally tubular man! Twelve fab intros (Dale does a little vocalizing on one cut) that adroitly mix trebly twang, lightning fast picking (serving up that flight-of-the-bumblebee groove), wailing like upper register solos and cascading glissandos of pure guitar spray. All over hot tribal beats. It's one long foam-flecked-ride from the opening wipeout (a refurbished and chopped and channeled "Nitro") to the final atavistic trip (a Diddleyesque romp Dick has manfully titled "Tribal Thunder"). (Hightone Records, 220 4th St., #101, Oakland, CA 94607) ds

■ **EyeHateGod - Take As Needed For Pain:** Even more brilliantly fucked-up than their brilliantly fucked-up debut, this second outing proves these guys to be *the* kings of noise. There's even some melody (albeit very little) thrown into the poison this time, making the mix all the more lethal. Powerful, destructive and painful, the musical equivalent of picking and eating scabs, EyeHateGod have crated a masterpiece of mayhem that comes highly recommended for psychopaths and the terminally depressed (Of which, I am both). Oh, and don't forget to kill your boss. (Century Media) bj

■ **False Front - Criminal Kind:** Until they run out of songs near the end, these unknowns take us through a wild, hilarious, good old fashioned rock and roll ride. And it's a ride with lots of interesting musical side trips: there's bluesy psychedelia, thundering riff rock, a quasi country tune, a three chord fuzz condemnation of ecstasy and the whole narcissistic rave scene, and a satirical marijuana ditty disguised as a pretentiously saccharine ballad. For those easily bored, False Front throws in lots of interesting spacey distorted guitar work and has an incredibly feral presence working overtime to put this thing over. (Shimmy-Disc) ds

■ **Flamin' Groovies - Rockin' At The Roundhouse:** I've never felt that the Groovies were adequately documented on any of their live releases. Now you can add this CD to the list. Taken from shows played during '76-'78, the band plays a lot of great folk-rock-merseybeat stuff but the recording quality is so tinny that their amazing harmonies and 12-string guitar work just isn't given fair play. That makes *Rockin'* for Groovies' completists only, I'm afraid. (Marilyn/Bomp) aw

■ **F/i - Out of Space and Out of Time:** You can thank the millionaires at Matador for bringing this compilation to our attention. The standard word association for F/i runs thusly: "legendary," "Wisconsin" and "Hawkwind." Hmm. "Legendary" makes sense 'cause they've been around forever, make a fine noise and nobody's ever heard of them. Next . . . and sure enough, Milwaukee's the address in the liner notes. Lovely city. But Hawkwind, now those were scientists who could *focus* their sound like a Michael Moorcock death ray or laser can opener or something. Whereas the joy of your *Out of Space* is hearing the janitors fuck with equipment they don't quite understand, and bugging too hard on the resultant fury to notice the lab is burning down. Which leaves us with eerie,

formless squealing ("Zombie Theme 3," "Psychological Warfare Testing") that mutates into something quite godly (Especially the eleven-minute space mantra stunner "Aum"). Personally, I was so swept up in the panic that I didn't even notice that nobody was singing, which would really only serve to distract from the inhuman nature of such laboratory testing anyway. (RRRecords) al

■ **The Forbidden Dimension - Sin Gallery:** Do we really need another psycho-garage-monster rockabilly band? Well, think about that local Cramp-worshipping quartet that tries to do retro shit. Think about how much better you'd like them if they could play, wrote nasty semi-comical songs about shrunken heads, atomic vampires, etc., and had a singer who sounded just crazy enough to make you think he might be taking it all seriously. Just think about it . . . You done? Good. I got to go. (Cargo) ds

■ **Freakwater - Feels Like The Third Time:** Alright, first of all the two girls headin' up this ruefully lovely acoustic old timey country and blue grass outfit *look* far too attractive to have suffered the way they moan about in these songs. Attractive people never suffer; they just pretend to, often in the service of pure musical poesy like this. Still, in this genre you can make up for a lot, even a total lack of experience if you got vocal abilities. So thank the good lord that lead singer-songwriter Catherine Erwin has this haunted drawl so lugubrious it will literally have you crying in your beer before the first side is over. (Janet who provides the crystalline harmony and gets a few solos is the honky tonk angel.) It also helps that Katy writes real purty songs and does even purtier things with composins by folks like Nick Lowe, Conway Twitty (may he rest in peace) and Woody Guthrie. Kudos also for the "fancy" guitar work of Brian and the plaintive fiddlin' of Lisa Marsicek. Sweet birds, that shunn't the noise of folly, most musical, most melancholy! (Thrill Jockey, Box 1527, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009) ds

■ **Fudge Factory Inc. - Fudge Factory Inc.:** Presumably in an attempt to hedge their bets, Fudge Factory's record company has intimated that this hard rock psychedelic quintet is possibly beneath contempt. Well, FF isn't quite that good but this eponymous CD is chock full of stupidity, vulgarity and besotted disdain for the early seventies styles it so effectively parodies. Not all of this works, some of the cuts lack anything in the way of melody, hooks or moronic play to pull you in, but when it does as on "Thorn," a send up of Iggy and his Stooges, or "Bodega," it's pretty fucking hilarious. (American) ds

■ **Guided By Voices - Vampire on Titus:** Too many good songs here to believe. Referring to their publishing company as "Needmore Songs" is completely uncalled for, and flies in the face of those of us who spend hours penning tunes half this good. Lyrics are of the Mary Jane variety and your call as to whether they're brilliant or just *fit* so well that it becomes hard to judge them as you hum along. Production could be termed "low-fi," but it's a careful and competent "low-fi," with much variation. The CD includes the *Propeller* LP also. (Scat) bd

■ **Humpers - Positively Sick On 4th Street:** Short blasts of Stooges/RadioBirdman/Dead Boys style punk rock. Re-

corded for three hundred and fifty dollars, this is one of the best things of its kind to come out in quite some time! Sounds like it was done live in the studio. In other words, tight but still bursting with energy. Riffs galore, tasty little solos and every littler thing that was great about '77 punk. Revised a bit for the '90s so as not to seem too much like a complete retro trip although check out that wiggid cover of The MCF's "Rocket Reducer No. 62." (Sympathy For The Record Industry) aw

■ **In The Nursery - An Ambush Of Ghosts:** Little known in this country but critically acclaimed in their native England, In The Nursery has been releasing challenging and arresting music for well over a decade now. Curiously, for a duo whose compositions have often been described as "soundtracks in search of a film," this is Nursery's first filmscore. And what a haunting, beautiful effort it is: mournful strains of oboe and cello, often counterpointed by a few poignant notes from a piano, floating over baleful synthesized murmur and drone like clouds aimlessly drifting upon the ether. Hopelessly romantic without being lugubrious, *Ambush Of Ghosts* can nevertheless only be recommended to those yearning for the sad taste of veiled melancholy. (Roadrunner) ds

■ **Incapacitants - Alcoholic Speculation EP:** Audio hari kari noise feedback from Japan. High pitch frequencies like this have been scientifically demonstrated to cause ominous skull vibrations and molecular miasma making for enjoyable listening for the adventurous. Even with the knowledge that one

will be projectile vomiting and loosing the bowels once the B-side is finished. (Zabriskie Point, Box 3006, Colorado Springs, CO 80934-3006) kb

■ **Life Of Agony - River Runs Red:** A few years back, I lived with this woman I really loved. Yes, really. That was until I met this other woman whom I *thought* I loved more. So like any other normal American male, I cheated and lived a lie. A dirty, miserable lie. One night, after serious consideration of suicide or perhaps a nervous breakdown of sorts, I explained to woman #2 (God, that sounds horrible, doesn't it?) that it had been fun and I would always hold her in my heart, but like every other guy you read about, I had decided to return to the one I truly loved. Yeah, it sucked and was very painful, but my heart *did* actually force me to return to my real "soul mate." I felt better, actually, convinced that this decision would somehow bring us closer and that it was all just a mistake and a learning/growing experience for us all. When I got home to tell my dearest of my new found happiness and commitment, she was gone . . . and everything I ever owned had been battered, broken, smashed and tossed out in the backyard. (Roadrunner) bj

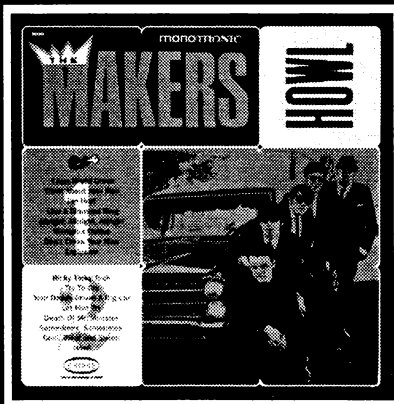
■ **Lone Wolves - Eat Ya:** We're gonna have to level with you and confess that we love these guys. And they're friends of ours. So this critique is kind of prejudiced. Okay, so now you know. And now I have a question for you: How can you not like a band whose aesthetic is firmly rooted in early seventies

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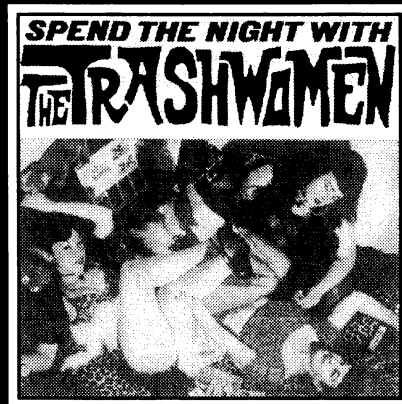
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SWINGING SINGLES

by Steve Jeffries & Dom Salemi

Hey kids! We got bored doing the hip alternative review thing and decided to find some classic poesy to match up with the sound and sensibility of a few of the singles sent to us. We've provided a list of the poets whose work we interpolated at the end of this section. Match them up with the reviews and win a free one year subscription to *Brutarian*! All correct entries will win! Are we worried? Considering the erudition of *Brute* readers, are you kidding?

The Makers

Here Comes Trouble EP (Estrus)

*I think I am going up,
I think I may rise
the heads of hot metal fly, and I love, I*

*Am a pure acetylene
Virgin
Attended by Thee Mighty Caesars*

Blue

King Faggot Man EP (Data Panik)

*We said, "You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are."
Blue replied, "Things as they are
Are changed upon the blue guitar."
Ourselves out of tense as if in space,
Yet nothing changed, except my anal grimace.*

Jack O' Fire

Six Super Shock Soul Songs (Estrus)

*Punky blues bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, completely unstable.
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table.
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
Hard as they were able,
Boom, Boom, Boom.*

Chrome Cranks

Darkroom/Burn Baby Burn (PCP Entertainment)

*Disconsolate men who stamp their sodden boots
And turn dulled, sunken faces to the sky
Haggard and hopeless. They, who have beaten down
The stale despair of Birthday Party, must now renew
Their desolation in feted Gotham warehouses
Murdering their fitful rhythms as they
search for melody.*

hard rock (MC5, Hendrix, Blue Cheer and the heavier psychedelic combos)? Who kicks off their album with a blistering ode to winos? And whose lead singer sounds like one? You can't. And while *Eat Ya* is no masterpiece, the cool thing about this CD is that the Wolves could give two shits. That's because these Loners know that the best rock and roll doesn't concern itself with the supernal or the sublime; its too busy rooting around in the muck for cheap beer, cheaper laughs and a sleazy fuck. Just one question. Who's got the apartment on Central Park South? (Lone Wolves, 220 Central Park South, Apt 11G, NY, NY 10019) ds

■ **Mule - *Wrung*:** These guys have obviously listened to a lot of Captain Beefheart. At least their lead singer – who sounds like an eighty year old black man with impacted bowels – has. Their stuff rocks too, in a deconstructed bluesy, funky kind of way: tempos are moderate, the rhythms fractured, the heavy angular riffs lumber, lurch, break off, then start up again. The bass and drum combination is incredibly tight – courtesy of the Laughing Hyenas' – and it has to be; these eccentric song structures need a sophisticated rhythm section to hold it all together. The scribes are calling this hill-billy funk. Is it because this stuff tastes like chicken fried steak mixed up in a greasy batter laced with Jack Daniels? (Touch & Go/1/4 Stick) ds

■ **Mike Judge & Old Smoke - *Sights*:** You can blow this "smoke" up your ass Mr. Judge, your real name is Neil Young. And these are songs you wrote sometime around 1972-73. Outtakes from *Harvest* in all probability. Yeah, we caught you but it wasn't hard; you just can't "imitate" that raw quivery tenor. The high lonesome harmonica and quasi-meandering guitar solos maybe. But certainly not lyrics that have you running down the road while your estranged lady love is running up and talking to one eyed jacks with broken backs. Since these are outtakes, it's not prime Neil so be forewarned. It is however, vintage with a fab pedigree so Young fanatics might want to pick up on this. (Revelation, Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232) ds

■ **Nirvana - *In Utero*:** In utter seriousness I wish to proffer reasons I find Bruce Springsteen superior to Nirvana: 1. Bad Springsteen songs are less predictable and more enjoyable than good Nirvana songs; 2. Even when the lyrics are lousy, Bruce enunciates them clearly; 3. Springsteen still occasionally writes a good song; 4. No one will ever make a deodorant called "The River"; 5. Bruce would probably never demean his fans or be so insecure as to solemnly intone "this ain't no Bon Jovi concert" during a show; 6. On the few occasions Bruce and I have worn dresses together, he's *never* tried to rationalize his behavior. So I wonder, if Springsteen's gotten so lousy, what's in store for Nirvana? (DGC) bd

■ **Prisonshake - *The Roaring Third*:** Long-awaited new LP does not disappoint. Enkler's voice ages better than good scotch and the new drummer is r-o-c-k solid. Angle of attack is wide open: "Hurry" is so pretty as to carry you away, while "Asiento" bludgeons (with finesse, this is Prisonshake). New dimension is Robert's vocals – tight & naughty, he sings most of the rockers. All the sounds here are as big as it gets without sucking – the guitars are so friggin' warm they'll delicately fuzz a speaker even at medium volumes. Also, the

raw testimonial quality of the lyrics on the aforementioned "Hurry" and especially "Cigarette Day" will lift your hands up nearly as well as the last verse of "Amazing Grace." Still snacking after all these years . . . (Scat) bd

■ **Psyclone Rangers - Feel Nice:** Boy, the record company has obviously had all kinds of trouble trying to pinpoint this fledgling effort's sound. It's a "blast of mid-60's garage punk filtered through . . . noisy trance-rock." It's "skronky" like Sonic Youth, "dada-psychotic" like the Butthole Surfers and pays "more than a passing nod to Iggy, the Velvets and Neil." You know what this all means (besides the fact that the A&R people are completely baffled)? It means that the Psyclone Rangers are originals. And that means that no two songs on *Feel Nice* assay the same style. Thus, "Spinnin' My Head" is a toe-tapping piece of loud rock with guitars squalling feedback and muddled sound, "The Hate Noise" is a pixielated Velvet take with great chording and lots of white noise, "Stephen" is a propulsive rock number about a suicide with a wonderful anthemic chorus, "Edie Sedgewick" is a psychedelic *schadenfreude*, etc. Most of the cuts are great and the few that aren't are intelligent and clever enough to bear up under repeated listenings. (World Domination), ds

■ **Red Red Meat - Red Red Meat & Jimmy Wine Majestic:** America not Americana. Same dif as art and arty in my book. R.R.M. is a fine straight-up combo doing a couple of things well. One is a slurred, lagged rocking roll that puts me in mind of a Memphis non-country based groove — kinda like a non-blustery Black Crowes, *Exile on Main Street* Stones or a luded, hipsway Mudhoney. At times this gets kinda loud 'n' quick and so conceptually right-on that it renders the slop quality sexy and charming. The low-key, pretty stuff reminds me of the Velvets of "Lisa Says" or "Pale Blue Eyes" circa *Live '69* only without the country tinge. Well some country but blues not suburban Neil Young lite tedium. The first eponymous LP, is more raggedy ass and rambunctious; the second a bit more soulful and thoughtful. Hmmm . . . Split the feelings between "Damn, she left me?" and "Jesus . . . She left me. I wonder why?" In both cases the "Oh well, here we are" answer fits. I'd pay \$12.50 to see 'em, even on a weeknight. You'll probably catch them for less than half that. (Perishable, Box 57804, Chicago, IL 60657 & Sub Pop) cr

■ **Re/Search - Incredibly Strange Music, Volume I:** We've got a psychotronic kind of guy, i.e., he publishes a psychotronic film newsletter, running around the DC area deliriously screaming at anyone who will listen that the Re/Search people have validated his musical taste and his aesthetic sensibilities in general thanks first to the publication of this discs' companion volume and now to the release of this compilation. Nobody pays much attention to this deluded fool because he's a complete boor and rather repulsive in physical appearance. But you know, I've been doing some re/search in connection with this disc and it appears, that for the most part, these are the kind of people who like this mass produced "zany" muzak and banal satire. They are not particularly intelligent or well read and they are *all* extremely unattractive with physiognomies tending toward the endomorphic. And almost all of them are uptight white milquetoasts. Just like the composers of the selections on this recording. Now if you're interested, truly interested, in

Downset 818 Los Angeles 213 (Metal Blade)

*I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to & fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
I had to break this record into a
thousand fucking pieces.*

The Shambles Fire/Louise (Prospective)

*Whenever the Raiders went down town,
The Shambles gazed upon them
They were gentlemen from soul to crown
Clean favored, and imperially cool.*

Jodie Cosmo Staying Power EP (West World)

*I have wished these bands would fly away,
And not sing by my house all day;*

*Have clapped my hands at them from the door
When it seemed as if I could hear no more.*

*The fault must partly be in me
Cuz these bands aren't really that off key.*

*And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to hate a Stooges' cover song.*

Romulans Billy The Monster/Black & White Days (Prospective)

*Beer comes in at the mouth,
Faux grunge pop generally flows from the ass,
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we explode with gas.
I lift the glass to my mouth,
I look at you, and belch.*

Azalia Snail Into Your World/Warm Front (Prospective)

*With glamour girls
You'll never click
Strumming your guitar
Like a Bolshevik*

Point Of Departure Magic Circles (Susstones)

*Strawberry fields forever
dripping from a murine soaked eye
Craba locker fishwife pornographic priestess
boy you been a naughty girl
You let your knickers down
I am point of departure
You are the egg man
Goo Goo Goo Joob*

Motherhead Bug
Age of Dwarves/Bleeding Heart Incident (PCP)

*I have always been scared of you,
your luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo
And your neat mustache
And your aryan, bright blue
Panzer man Panzerman, O You!*

*No God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through
Every woman adores a Fascist
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a demented fright-wig like you*

Slowworm
Torio/March of the Insects (PCP)

*Descend lower, descend only
Into the world of perpetual sludge noise
World not world, but that which is not world,
Internal atonality, deprivation
Defecation of the world of sense,
Evacuation of the world of fancy
Voiding of the world of spirit*

Fuse
Stuperific Playmate EP (PCP)

*ladies and gentlemen this girl
with the good teeth and small important breasts
(the sonic or the youth whirl?
one's memory indignant protests)
this little dancer with the tightened eyes
crisp ogling shoulders and the ripe quite too
large lips always clenched faintly, wishes to
leave you thurston for moore.*

Liers In Wait
**Blood and Family EP (Railroad Records, Box
54325, Atlanta, GA 30308-0325)**

*Out - out are the lights - out all!
And, over each quivering tone,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a cyclone,
While the listeners, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm with a courtesy
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its heroes, Black Sabbath and the Sisters of
Mercy.*

**(Eliot, Yeats, Plath, Cummings, Stevens,
Burma Shave, Lindsay, Sassoon, Dickinson,
Robinson, Lennon, Frost, Poe)**

"weird, truly marvelous [music] which reflects a unique and bizarre vision of life" might I suggest Jerry Lee Lewis or Screaming Jay Hawkins? Or Alban Berg or Sun Ra? Or . . . (Caroline) ds

■ **Todd Rundgren/TR I - No World Order:** After a career-long devotion to "The Runt," I nearly dropped him recently due to his incessant whining and seeming lack of focus and/or direction (face it, his last two efforts were barely a whisker above sucking completely), but now he's back with a bite and a whole new outlook. "Expect the unexpected" always went without saying with any of his projects and this release is no exception. But get ready for this . . . this time out it's RAP! I didn't believe it either, rock's original 98 lb. weakling a dope MC? But Todd pulls it off with more conviction, intelligence and aplomb than a dozen Ts, Gs or gangsta wannabes. The layering, the plethora of samples, the sound — all written, produced and performed by TR himself — is impressive enough, but "Love Thing" (which has so much soul that even an MTV vee-jay could find the groove) may be the best thing Todd has ever done. Hell, for that matter *No World Order* could very well be Rundgren's best record. He may not have fashioned a musical utopia but he's getting pretty damned close. (Forward/Rhino) bj

■ **Scratch - Scratch:** Thanks to the current preoccupation with being the "heaviest," bands are constantly trying to best each other using the same old arsenal — demonic voices, double bass drumming, tech-speed solos, or mud bog sludge-riffs — and are missing the point. To reach a profound level of heaviosity you don't necessarily have to rely on the tried and true. Beantown Bangers Scratch scratch those now stale hallmarks in favor of a return to the hardcore school of hard knocks. More "punk" than "metal," this seven song mini debut is a welcome relief from the all too prevalent sounds of "death" and "grunge" and it's *still* heavy enough to give you a hernia. (Ridgmont Recording, Box 879, Allston, MA 02134) bj

■ **Scrawl - Velvet Hammer:** I've always *liked* Scrawl so awful hard that I felt guilty for never listening to their albums more than twice. Now they have this new CD that I can't take off "repeat." Armed with a (fab) new drummer boy, Marcy and Sue have somehow accomplished what PJ Harvey (among others) could not: thanking Steve Albini and turning up the volume to a crushing level without losing a scrap of the vulnerability that made them such a goshdarn hot prospect. "Your Mother Wants to Know" and "Take a Swing" have this *weight* that hits you like a sucker punch, and lyrics like insults from the heat of an argument that you didn't really mean but now it's too late. When things quiet down ("Blue Green Sea") the stark sound of Marcy's weary vocals will break your heart. In this setting the one single solitary "love" song ("Tell Me Now, Boy") is as bittersweet and dysfunctional a proclamation of mutual masochism as you're ever likely to hear. (Simple Machines) al

■ **Snoop Doggy Dogg - Doggystyle:** I don't think this guy Snoop Dogg (what kind of cutesy name is that?) is so tough. I mean, he didn't even *actually shoot anybody*, he just happened to be in the car at the time. Big deal. And look at his droopy face and tired eyes, and oh my God! That effeminate voice! His backing tracks don't sound too "gangsta" to

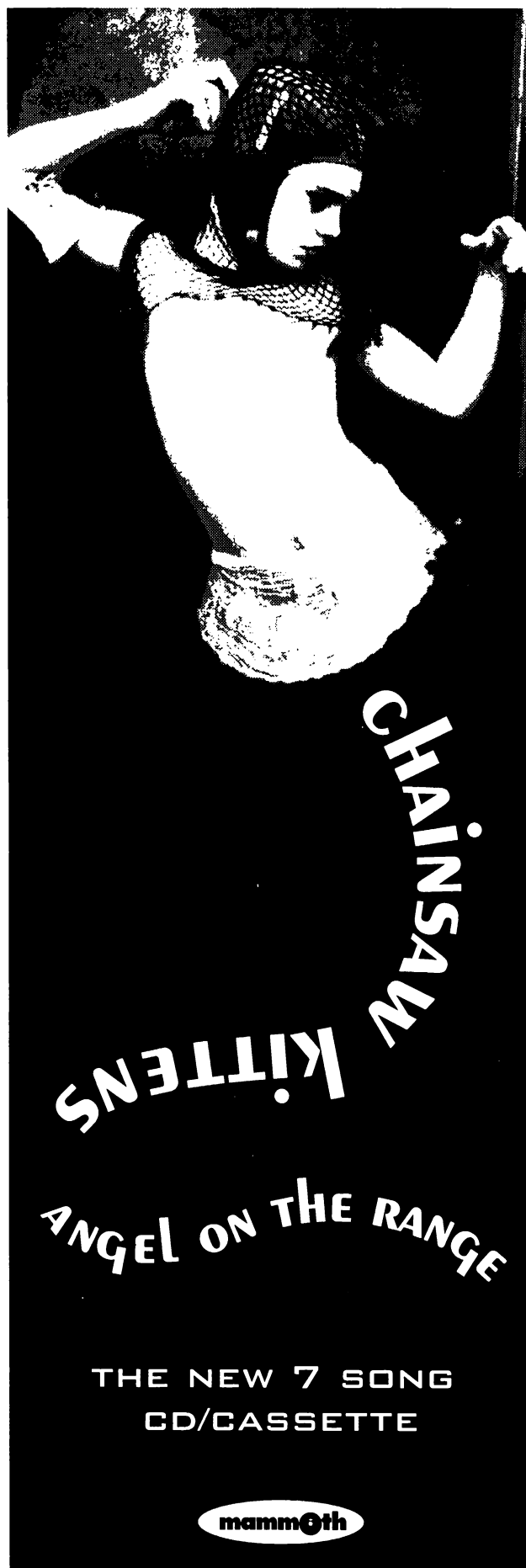
me: all minor chords at slow, sad tempos with this lonely whistling sound that's downright *poignant*. This shit makes me feel hollow, and everybody knows real ghetto livin' makes you *angry*. Jesus, it almost makes you wonder, like, doesn't this guy *realize* he has to *prove* to me how "hard" he is? It's almost like he *doesn't care* what I think. Which could only mean this Dogg is a bitch. Or . . . naw, it couldn't be. By the way, he's really sexist too. Jesus. Hey, turn it up a little, wouldja? (Death Row/Interscope) al

■ **Suffocation - *Breeding The Spawn*:** After listening to any brand of music for an extended period one becomes jaded, even cynical as to what to expect from each new release. So I have decided that only the following constituents are acceptable in death metal recordings. First, there must be lots of slow, grinding "mosh" parts so I can drink. The heavier, more disturbing the sound, the more alcohol I can consume. Second, between the slow parts (And there can't be *too* many, I want to stay awake.) I need *really* fast speed breaks—the kind that give you whiplash and make the cat leave the room—but not so fast that everything blurs into noise. And third, the combination of blood-warm bass, shotgun drum hits, wailin' guits and razor choked vox should entice me to spastically dance and smash whatever comes within arms' reach. Does Suffocation suffice? Well let's put it this way, when my wife see's the mess I've made, she's either gonna kill me or put my ass on the wagon. (Roadrunner) bj

■ **Sun City Girls - *Kaliflower*:** Half mystical shamen, half Cheech and Chong. Don't bother asking what the difference is: Kaliflower opens with "X+Y=Fuck You." Epics this time around include: "The Venerable Uncle Tompa," a long mournful and minimal percussive seance; "And So the Dead Tongue Sang," a (snake) charming call and response that gallops through the desert with no clothes on and a toy bugle; and "I Knew a Jew Named Frankenstein," a shaggy goy story with a "Have Nagila" punch line. This fine brand of inspired gibbering jumps up on stage and throws yellow paint all over "World Music" fans. (Abduction) al

■ **Superball '63 - *Loadstar*:** THICK Twin-City crunchy swirl (It's late and I'm sick of this world and I've just about had a bellyful of myself too.), with a vice-tight rhythm section (. . . wish I could sleep) and blurred vox that sounds pretty pissed-off about something or other. (Getting drunk sure ain't what it used to be.) I like 'em. In fact, right this very moment, they could be the greatest fucking band in the whole world. (No ballads, that's a plus.) Hm . . . Could be the next . . . (Uh, uh. That's not quite right.) File this one where your Dinosaur Jr. records used to be. You know, the ones you traded in to get this. (J. Mascis is a close personal friend of mine. Where's the fucking bourbon?) (Big Money Inc. Records) bj

■ **The Superkools - *Superkools*:** After releasing some incredibly revved-up punk-garage singles, Hollywood's Superkools unleash this full-length silver platter debut which they recorded for the incredibly expensive sum of \$350. Oddly enough, this is the same amount The Humpers shelled out for their latest offering. Coincidence? I think not. Anyway, the name of the game here is mixing the influences with a little bit of garage-style fuzz here, doo-wop harmonies there and some hardcore tempos somewheres. The somber



"House Of Sorrow" with its bluesy kinda sound is actually one of my faves but check out happy, happy cuts like "You're Not My Scene," "Down, Out & Gone" and the boss surf-intro "Hyperion Pipeline." (Kicksville/Big Dog) aw

■ **Therapy? - Troublegum:** By now, you've more than likely heard "Screamager" (from their recent EP, *Hats Off To The Insane* and also included here), a catchy, biting, sarcastic stab of angst-ridden power punk with the brilliantly clever minimalist chorus "I've got nothing to do but hang around and get screwed up on you!" If your ears are in proper tune, Therapy?'s second full length lp *Troublegum* will not trouble you in the least. Shucking that *other* Irish band's political and social preaching, this trio of Belfast bombers are more concerned with busting their spleens over more "personal" subjects such as hatred, confusion, frustration and misery. In short, welcome to "real life." Sucks, don't it? Heavy, rip-saw guitar driven modern rock with its feet firmly planted in the damage of early punk, Therapy? always lean to their strengths: a scalpel-sharp wit and smothering, claustrophobic animosity. They like crazy, man, crazy and I'm hopelessly hooked, eagerly awaiting further treatments. (A&M) bj

■ **Trash Can School - Volume War:** Remember Boots Randolph? He's that old dude who plays the sax occasionally on old dude's TV shows. He can *play* man! It's like he "talks" through his chosen instrument. (As all artists should.) He was, like, pretty big in the late '50s, early '60s, but now he's more or less washed up. Since his heyday however, a few punkers have taken up his slack and begun to blow some interesting funk of their own. Fear showed how to do it on superb cuts like "New York's Alright . . . If You Like Saxophone," and now Trash Can School have successfully incorporated the Boots' sound into their own fairly original noisy, punkish slop. Yes, that out-of-key sax stompin' through the sludge definitely gives these guys an edge over their alternative brethren. Will they get big enough to let Mr. Randolph open for them on their arena rock tour? God damn can you imagine how good "Yakety Yak" would sound in Madison Square Garden or The Forum? Man! . . . (Sympathy For The Record Industry) bj

■ **Tripping Daisy - Bill:** A comparison to a Jane's Addiction/Pink Floyd hybrid would be somewhat accurate but unfair as this Texas combo have a sound unique to themselves. Pop/alternative tuneage that's on the light (lite?) side, but which never fails to amuse or induce serious toe-tappin'. Why they're not as famous as say, Quicksand Or Lush, for example, is anyone's guess, but I wouldn't discount it happening in the near future. "My Umbrella" is a killer cut and the rest of the music holds its own admirably, resulting in a thumbs up for the Daisys from this end. (Red/Island) bj

■ **Boo Trundle - The Vast Undemeath:** Ah! The voice! That's what sucks your cynical soul in. Seductive sad siren: innocence combined with leonine lubricity singing of the wild caress that raised the curtain of innocence, of eyes still clouded by the storm searching in vain the paradise of the naive lost . . . Moody, languidly melodic electro-folk and a few sinuous and noisy rockers fashioned by an incomparably lovely young woman possessed of and consumed by prodigious talent. (Big Deal, Box 2072, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY NY 10009) ds

■ **US 3 - Hand On The Torch:** Well if you're gonna steal I believe that you should steal from the best. Poor artists imitate, great ones steal and the producers of this thing have stolen from the greatest jazz label there ever was: Blue Note. Yup, they've taken the hottest passages from some classic jazz cuts added some cool and funky fills from some of the UK's "deepest youngbloods" and asked a couple of bright heretofore unknown rappers to talk over it. I don't know how "innovative" a lot of the rapping is but most of it's clever and amusing even when nothing more than mere braggadocio as with "I Go To Work" or "Cantaloop" and tracks like "Knowledge Of Self" and "Make Tracks" (which tells us to — hooray — "pick up a book") are penetrating and rather profound. All in all, *The Torch* is hardly triflin'; it's fresh, the kind of stuff you know you'll be playing ten years from now. Much of this, like the track matching Jamaican dancehall stylist Tukka Yoot and a funky groove courtesy of Grant Green or that mixing a bumpin' groove of Herbie Hancock (Yeah, he was once down with it), way gone trumpet riffing of Gerard Presencer and hip hoppin' by Brooklyn born and bred Rahsaan is frequently scorching. Sounds like a landmark work to me but what I don't know about jazz and rap would fill the tank at Disney's Living Seas exhibition. (Blue Note/Capitol) ds

■ **Various - Feel Lucky Punk?:** Rumor has it that Crypt records is somehow involved with this release. That wouldn't surprise me as this is a great high-quality comp of demented, raw '70s punk crap. While some of this stuff has also been issued on the *Killed By Death* LPs, there's still enough rare cuts to warrant picking this up. Two, count 'em, two songs about the "Hillside Strangler," by Hollywood Squares and Child Molesters. The Violators' great "NY Ripper," "Kill Yourself" by The Lewd, the insanely obnoxious "Bummer Bitch" by Free-stone, five songs by the much underrated Queers (who recently got back together and put out a brand new punk LP on Lookout), plus stuff by The Mad, The Rocks and Psycho Surgeons and other bands you've probably never heard of. Throw in some peachy liner notes and cool sleeve pics and you've got an essential purchase as far as I'm concerned. (Gonzo Hate Binge available from Joe's Record Paradise) aw

■ **Various - Shave The Baby:** First time I heard of Datapanik I was over at the Pope of Ohio's crib power drinking with a couple of Columbus cuties. Some godawful compilation was playing as background and after awhile I just couldn't stand it anymore and I begged the Pontiff to take it off and put on "Sweet Leaf." Now I find this thing in the mail with a stern note from His Holiness warning me to give this a careful listen or risk being excommunicated. So I did. And it's fabulous: loud, energetic essays in various post-punk styles from casually dressed Midwestern youths. Every day brings a new favorite. Today it's Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments, yesterday it was Big Red Sun (which is sort of an exception to this comp being a kind of straightforward rock combo). And if you haven't heard The New Bomb Turks yet, man, are you in for a wild ride. If this stuff had been recorded at CBGBs the New York critics would be jerking off all over themselves trying to find the hip name for this new now Now NOW movement. (Datapanik through Energy, Box 1575, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009) ds

■ **Various - Yeah, But It's A Dry Heat:** In which Westworld formerly Toxic Shock — a much better name for an alternative record company — tries to prove that Tucson's alternative

scene is just as cool as the one in NY or DC or Seattle or . . . Let us quote from Blood Spasm: "I don't know if Tucson's the gateway to heaven/But you're never more than ten feet from a 7-11." This means that you're going to find a lot of pissed-oafed, bored kids with guitars and a lot of time on their hands. So? So you're gonna get a bunch of noisy, bratty post-punk and post-hardcore (and even dadaists like the aforementioned Blood Spasm and Slo-Deluxe) much of which like Fuzz, The Fells and Earl's Family Bombers is unbelievably good. Some of it is not so good and we're not gonna mention names -- don't wanna hurt any of the kids' feelings ya know -- but for nine bucks plus postage *Dry Heat* is a relative bargain. (West World, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733) ds

■ **Various - Beyond The Calico Wall:** What a shame that CD compilations like *Stax-Volt Vol. 2* and *Tony Bennett: A Life In Song* (a-ha-ha-ha-ha it's not his real name and the average Italian American over thirty thinks he's a clown) get so much press and demented gems like this get passed over. That's right, demented gems: fucked-up unknown sixties psych-garage bands performing half-baked bits of nonsense enhanced with weird sound effects, trippy instrumental breaks and quasi-epiphanic lyrics. Unlike so many of these "psych" comps, *Calico Wall's* obscure contributors sound like they did lots of drugs. And not necessarily psychedelics. A lot of this also sounds like the composers thought they took drugs. And best of all a lot more of this sounds like the composers didn't take drugs, tried to fake it - "Mt. Olympus stands like a rock in the sea/And nothing makes it except reality." - and then realizing they weren't going to fool anybody just said, "What the fuck, it's only rock and roll . . ." Yes sir. And we like it. A lot. (Bomp) ds

■ **Cassandra Wilson - Blue Light Til Dawn:** Making the transition from sultry jazz singer -- hence irrelevant -- to sultry blues singer -- hence supremely relevant -- Ms. Wilson has, in the process, produced a recording of great subtlety and beauty. At first blush, Cassandra seems to have chosen her songs with feckless abandon; *Blue Light* features covers penned or performed by such heavyweights as Van Morrison, Robert Johnson and Ray Charles as well as those of lightweights like Ann Peebles and the Stylistics, but by slowing everything down and letting her dusky contralto mellismatically wrap itself around every syllable, Wilson magically transforms even the most cloying pap into something hauntingly otherworldly. Even the few "sprightly" numbers seem to have a pall cast over them particularly "Estrella" and the Wilson penned "Redbone" (one of the three intriguing originals included in this release) with their spooky, voodoo-like polyrhythms and spectral vocalizing. Instrumentation is sparse and somber for the most part but the arrangements are quite novel (wait till you hear what Wilson does with Robert Johnson's "Come On In My Kitchen") and allow for interesting touches like the snakey violin solo on "You Don't Know What Love Is," the choking, raspy, sputtering coronet on "Hellhound On My Trail," and the psychotically languorous pedal steel adornments on the title cut. (Blue Note/Capitol) ds



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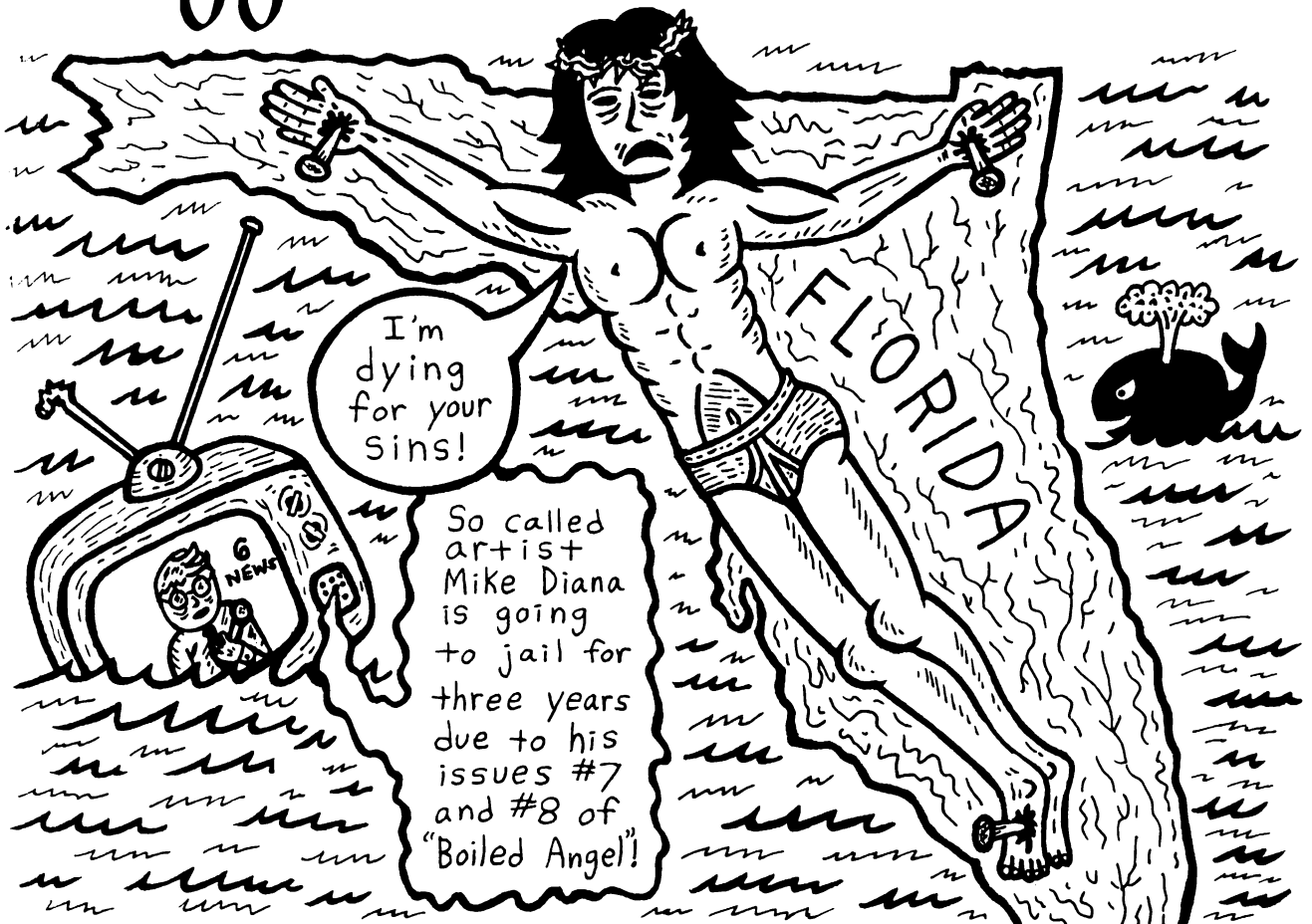
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■ **Chris Wilson & The Sneetches:** Chris Wilson, former member of The Flamin' Groovies, Barracudas and Fortunate Sons is who this guy is in case you didn't know. On his latest solo outing he's backed by . . . well, you figure it out. Anyway, the pairing works pretty well especially on folk-rock numbers like "If Wishes Were Horses" and "He Who Waits." There are also three live cuts tackling old Groovies' numbers including "Slow Death" with guest vocalist Roy Loney! And, like the recent Loney live CD on Marilyn, this too is highly recommended. (Marilyn/Bomp) aw

■ **Hector Zazou - Sahara Blue:** Leave it to the French to apply the principles of the school of meandering nonsense -- Debussy was the movement's most ardent proponent -- to the transcendently mordacious poesy of Arthur Rimbaud. Leave it to the French to enlist the aid of fitfully interesting composers like John Cale, Keith Leblanc, Bill Laswell and Ryuichi Sakamoto and then banish them to the sidelines. Leave it to the French to lay the timeless verse of the peerless symbolist on a bed of vacuously portentous new age noodling. Leave us to dispense with this, this prelude to the afternoon of a fraud. (Columbia) ds

Suffer the Innocent

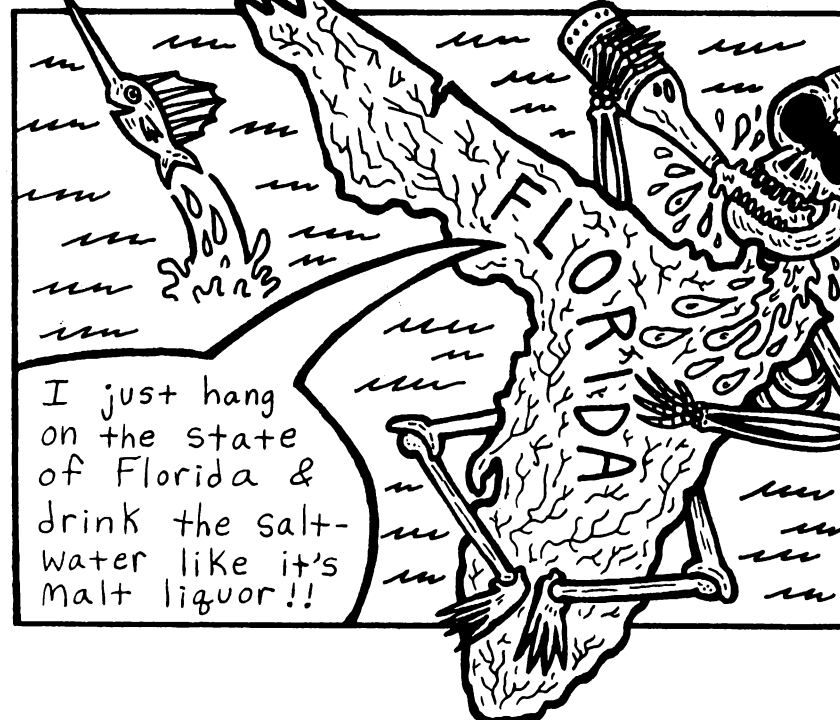
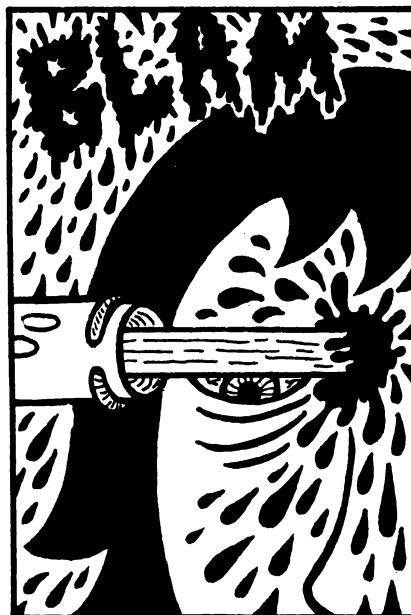
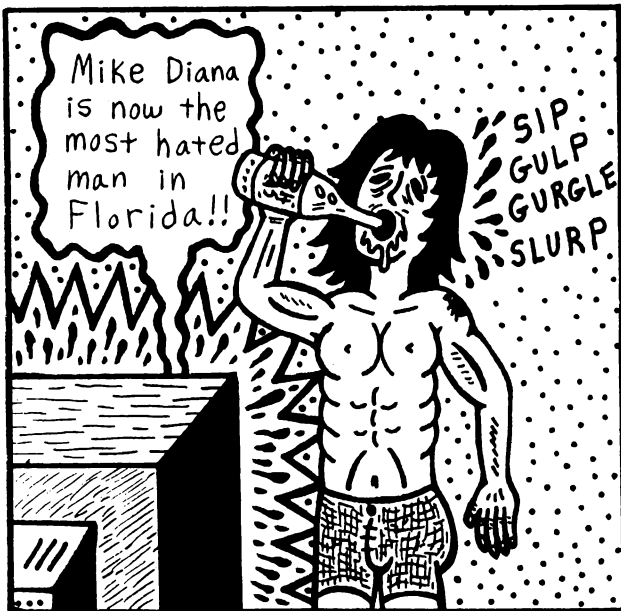


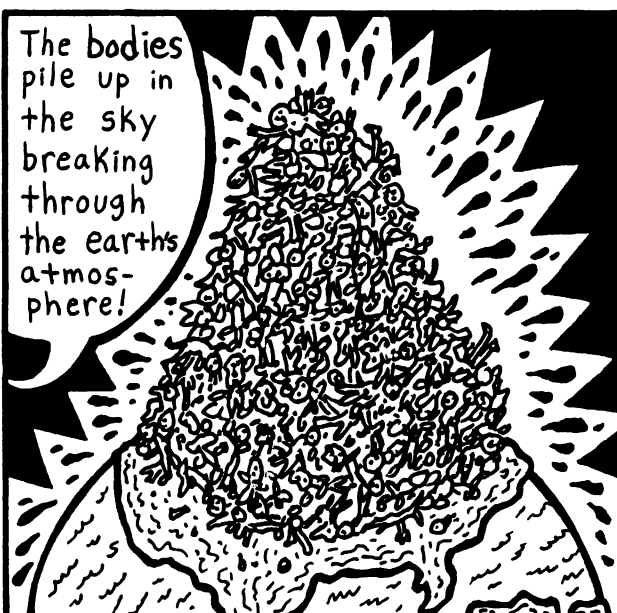
The good citizens of Pinellas county and surrounding countys burned copys of "Boiled Angel" and a effigy of Mr. Diana outside the courthouse!!



Prosecutors said that Mr. Diana is responsible for the moral breakdown of socity and has been restricted from going within 200 feet of any schools or parks were young children may be!!!

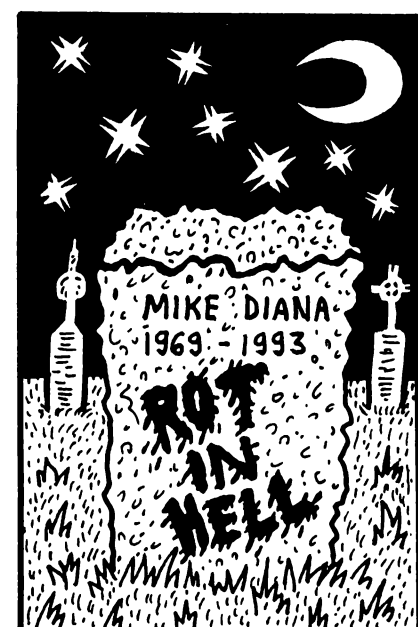
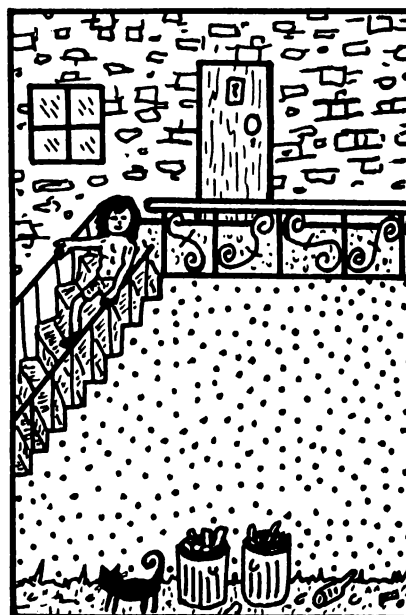


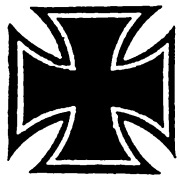




Shit, I don't want to hurt anyone! I just want to draw!! Only I would like for all teenage girls both black and white to jerk-off to my comics!!!







Steve

Chopped and Channeled

Jeffries



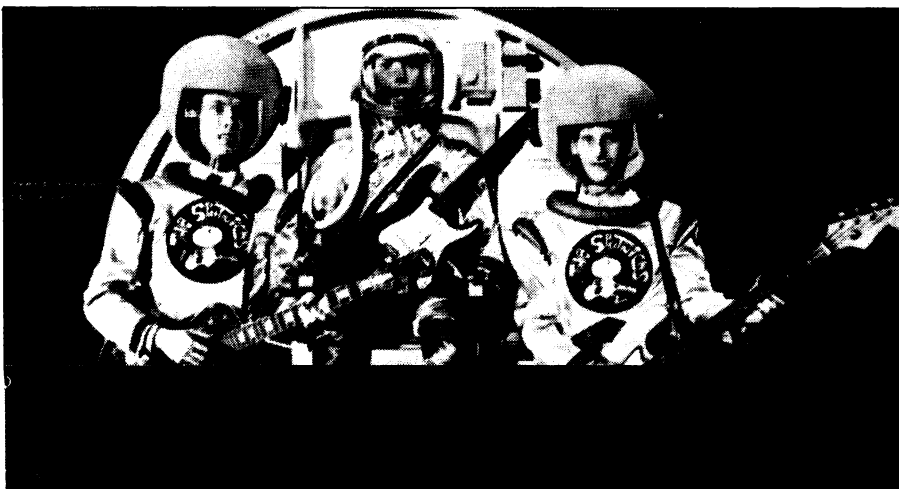
This episode is the first of our series of new Holley Carb, Detective stories. In this episode, Holley discovers that tracking down hard to find Spotnicks' reissues is both socially rewarding and, more importantly, lucrative.

I'd recently hung a shingle on the pebbled glass panel of my office door: *HOLLEY CARB, INVESTIGATONS*. The misspelling annoyed me, but correcting it just seemed like an awful lot of effort, especially after I had painstakingly employed my finest Catholic school penmanship in drawing it up. Frankly, the cardboard sign had done little to attract business anyway, so I left it alone. Today I sat at my desk alone, as I did everyday, and surveyed the interior decorator's existential crisis I thought of as office decor . . . three gray metal filing cabinets, two empty, the third crammed with greasy, well-thumbed back issues of *Penthouse* and *Club International* magazines, a metal folding chair across from my desk for clients and, along the wall, a blighted Metrobus passenger seat which I used to facilitate my frequent bursts of napping activity. Finding my spartan surroundings dull, I fished a pint of Popov vodka from the depths of my desk drawer, swallowing a small sample of its sterno-like content to ensure that it hadn't gone bad since the night before. It hadn't. As I reared my head to more fully test the assertive *liqueur* the office door buzzer sounded violently, jarring my trembling hand so as to spill most of the liquid in my crotch. It sounded again as I clumsily patted my moistened seat with a piece of toilet tissue while trying to shove the pint back into the desk drawer. As the irritating buzzing finally gave way to an insistent hammering of angry fists, I lit a mentholated cigarette and coolly pressed the button which released the door lock.

The ingenue who stumbled through the opened door was alluringly clad in a vile green jumpsuit which I immediately recognized as the working togs of a McDonalds' employee. A split second later I realized that this meant the girl had some bucks. I suddenly became excited and felt as though I needed to urinate. The girl slid mellifluously into the client's chair, brushed the fashionable McOrdering head-set to the back of her head, and stared at me with engagingly dumbstruck eyes. I squirmed for a moment in my chair to allow more air to reach my sodden sansabelts. "So Miss, uh, whatever, what can I do for you?"

"It's my youngest brother, Eugene" she shrilled. "He's run away from home with some of our father's most incredibly rare and precious Spotnicks' records. The little fuck stole them from the atmosphere-controlled vinyl vault in our basement. I only saw them for a minute while Eugene was sneaking out of the garage with them. The records I mean. They had all these pictures of rockets and guys with goofy space helmets all over them. If my Dad finds out he'll think I stole the stupid things to buy crack and make me drop out of Happy Meal Assembly training and go to a boarding school or something! How could I buy my boyfriend more cool baggy rave-wear if I was stuck in a goddamned boarding school? He'd ditch me so fast! FUCK! He could have any girl he wants but he picked me . . ."

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Sputniks? Space helmets? I was confused. Some kind of wiggly punk record? No way. Tuning out the torturous rhythm of the toxin swathed Fillet O'Fish monger's vapid rantings, I put on my thinking cap and concentrated as hard as I could while squeezing my eyes tightly shut. Then, with a start, it dawned on me. The Spotnicks! The most El Fabuloso of them all! I conjured images of the legendary early sixties Swedish instrumental giants to mind. Towering Norsemen clothed in the finest of silvery spacesuits lowered by guide wire to blue-lit paper-mache boulder littered stage moonscapes, their cold, pale eyes fixed upon some distant horizon as if blinded by the midnight sun. Motionless supermen never speaking as they delivered their Joe Meek inspired guitar *eddas* to silent, shadowy halls packed with rapt spectators. Their otherworldly disappearance upon the verge of international stardom and mysterious rediscovery as demigods in Japan a decade later. True sons of Odin or even of he so great that Odin dare not speak his name or . . . well, whatever, I knew now that the theft had involved the priceless waxen treasures of The Spotnicks. How stimulating!

Passing gas surreptitiously, I interrupted the green thing's apparently ceaseless line of teen-prattle in order to test the hypothesis I had suddenly developed regarding her reading skills. "Uh, listen, I've been having some trouble with the sign on my door. It keeps, like, changing. What did it say when you came in?"

She pondered my question for a moment and then bravely took a long-shot guess at the right answer. "Ummm . . . Please come in? Yeah, Please Come In. And investigate. That's why I came in."

My suspicions confirmed, I got down to business. "Yeah you're right. I can track down them Spotnicks, er, Sputniks records for you in a jiff, but you must give me money right away before the trail gets cold."

Her brows knit. "Weeell, I've got my last weeks paycheck from McDonalds in my purse. A hundred and thirty two dollars. Will that be enough? I gotta get those records back."

I quickly calculated that with a hundred thirty two bucks I could purchase enough Black Labels and seconals to lie around my apartment and watch T.V. in a thralling rock star-like stupor for at least three days. I was in. "Uh, I guess. Sign the check and give it to me now. And listen, do you have any of those McChicken value meal coupons on you?"

"Yes."

"Gimme those too. I'll be needing them during the investigation. Oh, and by the way, what does Eugene look like?"

"Ummmm, I think he's fifteen, uh, scuzzy hair, a flannel shirt, dirty jeans and, you know, those big stupid work shoes that lace up."

"Well, that's real helpful, he should stick out like a sore thumb. Listen, you come by here later after work and I'll have the records for you, O.K.?"

"Yeah, uh, O.K., I gotta go now anyway. I'm working lunch today. See ya!"

As the young girl's verdant astro-turf encased derriere disappeared through the doorway I realized I had forgotten to get her name. I almost got up from the desk to ask until I remembered I already had her check. Chances were, given her third grade reading ability, she'd never figure out how to get back to my office anyway. With the rest of the morning to kill, I considered sorting out my back issues of *Penthouse* and *Club* so that my favorite issues would be on the top of the pile, but, when I recalled that I would be working later on that afternoon, I quickly became sleepy and decided that a lengthy super-nap would be my wisest course of action.

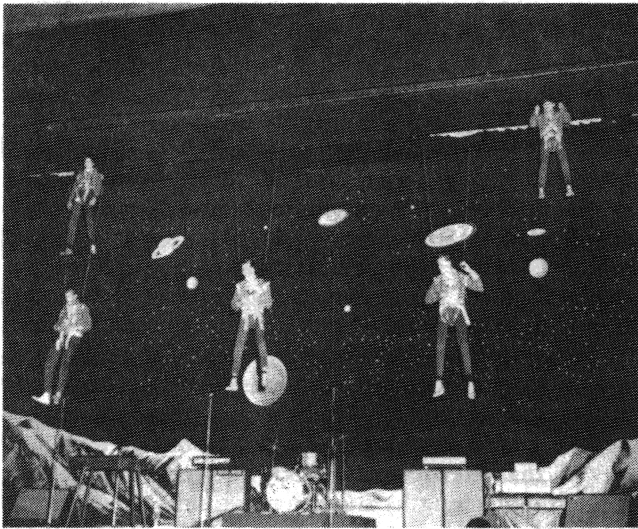
Later that day I woke up feeling rather peppy, and after devouring a package of Donut Gems I adroitly coaxed my powder blue Impala to life by manually operating the choke with a screwdriver. My first stop was the Super-X Drug Store where I cashed my McDonalds' check, bought a case of National Bohemian on sale and filled my cleverly forged prescription for hydrocortisone cream, dilaudid and seconals without incident. After swallowing miscellaneous handfuls of pills in the Super-X parking lot and rubbing some of the contraband cream on a rough spot on my elbow, I dumped The Imp into drive and circumnavigated the neighborhood several times at low speed until I found a parking space at a broken meter almost directly in front the record store where my high school pal Delaney worked.

Once inside, I noted that the shop appeared to be empty. Then, standing very still, I heard a strange sucking sound which seemed to originate from the back of the store behind the sales counter. I advanced slowly, and, upon leaning over the counter to investigate, I discovered Delaney's huddled form blissfully imbibing a bottle of fuchsia colored Cisco wine through a tattered Slurpee straw. "Hey, Delaney."

"Oh man, you scared me! I thought you were the manager. Whaddaya got in the Super-X bag?"

"Listen, did some little Nirvana looking kid come in here to peddle you some Spotnicks albums?"

"Naw, haven't seen any Spotnicks wax in years. Got a couple CDs though. *The Spotnicks* and some Japanese collection called *The Spotnicks' Old Clock at Home*. Nobody buys 'em. Since they don't have any words I even tried selling them to the guy at K-Mart figuring they could play em' over the PA system with the regular shoplifting music, but he thought they might spook the employees. Jesus, have you seen their employees? Why you wanna know anyways?"



The Spotnicks make the scene!

"I'll tell you in a minute, play one for me."

Delaney unsteadily popped *The Spotnicks* into the disc player and cued *Spotnique-classique* "The Rocket Man." The Spotnicks' booming merseybeat and surrealistically lonely, deep-space guitar twang filled the room while tinny, swirling organ riffs and hauntingly ethereal female back-up choruses gamboled among the notes of the Russianesque melody. *Low-tech Ventures in Space*. High anxiety Duane Eddy. So Soviet. So supreme. So fab!

"Wow" I swooned with the seconals. "What's the other one like?"

"*Old Clock at Home?* Super extra-galactic! 'Moon-shot,' 'Space Walk,' 'Piercing the Unknown,' 'Subject in Orbit' . . . all your Spotnick-faves. Hey Holley, what you got in the bag?"

"Listen, here's the deal. This chick in this really hot green pantsuit comes into my office and tells me her punk brother swiped her Dad's Spotnicks LPs. I hit her up for a hundred thirty two bucks and told her I could get 'em back. What am I gonna do though? I already tried as hard as I could and I can't find the records. I'm really tired now and I already spent the money on pills and booze at the Super-X."

"Well uh, how old is this chick?"

"Around seventeen or eighteen I guess. Why?"

"Well figure this. Most kids that age are into CDs. Chances are she's never even really *seen* an LP up close. I'll trade you these CDs for a bunch of them pills and you can just *tell her* they're the LPs. How do ya like that one?"

"Uh, I need almost all of the pills for myself, but I guess I could give you some for 'em. You always were

smarter than me anyway, so I guess it must be a good idea. Hey, you want to pop one of my beers?"

"Yeah, and you know what, I got some Spotnicks' vinyl reissue too. *The Spotnicks' Rarities*. Has a cover of Joe Meek's 'Telstar' performed entirely on an ultra-cheap sounding Ace-Tone organ with some guy shaking a box of wooden kitchen matches into a maxed out amp to simulate drumming. Other cool stuff too. I'll throw it in for a six-pack."

"Nah, it might confuse her if the, uh, records were two different sizes, you know. I better stick with the CDs."

As I left the record shop I checked the Super-X bag to make sure Delaney hadn't stolen more seconals when I wasn't looking. Then, exhausted, I tooled The Imp back to the office for another power-nap.

I was awakened around dusk by the angry sound of the buzzer and was somewhat surprised to find my perplexed client standing in the entrance when I finally opened the door.

"Uh, come on in. Have a seat. I got the records back no problem" I said, triumphantly tossing her the discs as she seated herself. Sniffing, I noted with chagrin that she was redolent with the scent of Mighty Wings. It made me hungry.

"Wow, that's weird" she said. "They look a lot smaller than when Eugene stole them."

"Well, they've been through a lot. Of course they got smaller! Trust me, their quality remains undiminished, even if they are, uh, a little smaller."

She continued to sit in the chair, staring at me. I had to think fast. "Look, I really have to go to the bathroom bad" I said. "I mean really bad, you know? So I'll see you later, O.K." I then leapt from my desk and disappeared into the adjoining toilet without waiting for her reply.

My clever ruse to secure her exit was a success, and as I secretly watched the girl's fluorescent McDonalds' glow-lime behind fade through the exit for the second time that day, I congratulated myself on an honest job well done. Later that evening, as the shadows grew long on my office ceiling, I resolved to fix the sign on the office door the very next day. Unless I didn't feel like it.

The end. We hope you've enjoyed Holley's first big caper and that you, like Holley himself, have learned to appreciate The Spotnicks for what they really are. Stay tuned as Holley stalks mad intro maestro Joe Meek's murderer through the gay bars of London in the next issue of BRUTARIAN.



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Only Words

Catharine A. MacKinnon

Harvard University Press (1993)

by Sally Eckhoff

Standing in the middle of the bedroom, we take off each other's clothes. He has a light, fumbling brutality, which several times makes me think that this time it'll cost me my sanity. In our dawning, mutual intimacy, I induce him to open the little slit in the head of his penis so I can put my clitoris inside and fuck him.

Peter Hoeg

Smilla's Sense of Snow

Farrar Straus and Giroux (1992)

Smilla is half Greenland Inuit and half Danish. She is not yet quite in love with her boyfriend, Peter. But in Hoeg's rambling, extravagant book, Smilla learns important things from her lover: what happens to bananas that have been slit, dabbed with heather honey, then baked until the skins turn black; what she can do to penetrate a man. *Smilla's Sense of Snow* doesn't tell us what follows her tiny experiment, but we sense that her aggression turns over and inside out the way a wave does when it crashes on the beach. Smilla's act of insertion is fused to its countermove, a unique effect. I tried it.

Because the paragraph above contains none of the blandishments that neutralize the clash of power inherent in every act of sex, it must be pornographic. Because the woman is the aggressor, it isn't. When is sex writing, sex speaking, sex playacting pornography? When it insults, degrades, dehumanizes women, according to metafeminist lawyer Catharine MacKinnon. Already you've got a tautological mess because whereas hurting someone physically is a pretty easy action to define, dehumanization and degradation are all in the eye of the victim, and some underdogs and dog-ettes get dehumanized and degraded by nasty looks and bad weather. Can we find the head of this squirming, randy beast and whisper in its ear before MacKinnon draws a bead on it? She wants to nail the porn monster's hide to the sun-kissed (read Apollonian) barn door of the law.

Only Words is MacKinnon's controversial book that says pornography *per se* is

not protected under the First Amendment. Her point is an extremely tricky one to prove, and as MacKinnon is manifestly intelligent and thorough, the path she chooses to reach her goal is long, complicated, and fraught with well-meaning but wrong-headed solutions. Through court documents of rape and harassment cases, the writer attempts to prove a number of scattered suspicions and heartfelt beliefs. MacKinnon's chief beef with porn seems to be that it continues to define women's existence as oppressed, exploited, and racked with pain. Sadder still, any consumer of pornography will sooner or later exact a huge price, in the form of repugnant and possibly lethal sexual favors, from an innocent bystander: a wife, a child, a stranger. Violent words and violent deeds are closely interrelated, MacKinnon claims; in fact, they're directly and causally connected. All of the foregoing would make a decent crank's argument against the commercial availability of sleazy sex imagery. But none of these complaints so far is enough to make porn illegal. MacKinnon's stratagem: prove that porn itself is not speech. "... Its artifact status as pictures and words gets it legal protection through a seemingly indelible categorical formalism that then must be negated for anything to be done." It looks like MacKinnon is going through all these mental calisthenics to get a job done, not to get at the truth. She wants to extirpate porn not because of what it is but what it does.

And what exactly does it do? Make rape, harassment, and general all-over misery an everyday thing for all women and children. This gets people with even a sneaking affection for porn very uneasy, and has stirred up some pretty ugly controversy about her book. We can attempt to poke holes in MacKinnon's argument in a lot of different ways, but she's got the Minnesota Supreme Court (so far) agreeing with her that, in their words, "even the most liberal construction would be strained to find an 'idea' in [pornography]." Simply put, porn doesn't express anything but serves instead as a crude, almost subliminal trigger on the penis to stand up and start making trouble, at the expense of comfort, dignity, and sometimes even safety of everyone nearby. Of everyone, period. Thanks to MacKinnon and colleague Andrea Dworkin, the good people of Minneapolis and Indianapolis may soon be able to rely on the radical and severe anti-porn legislation the two women have introduced into their legislatures to preserve their dignity and everything else.

MacKinnon makes her argument through a series of mental images and statements, discrete intellectual decals that stick to your consciousness. Her view of the penis as consumer, for instance, is compelling, but ultimately disposable. "... An erection is neither a thought nor a behavior," she says, noting that rapists are "sexually habituated" to pornogra-

phy's kick. "Pornography is masturbation material. It is used as sex." Slow down, babe, there's a bit of logical slackness between the first sentence there and the second one. But the synapse between that last bit and the next assertion is big enough to drive the Lubavitcher Mitzvah Van through: "It [porn] therefore is sex. Men know this."

I'm hoping this line of reasoning – "looks like, sounds like, and therefore is" – is a recent invention, like text-based visual art, that will travel off rapidly in the same direction, and with the same dispatch. Any way you look at it, it's pretty amazing, whether you like to jerk off to Candida Royale or Old Master paintings, to have to face up to the idea that the representation of something is the same as the thing itself. As much as she deplores Deconstructionist theory (though she confesses a softish spot for Lyotard), MacKinnon's 3-D analysis of a 2-D situation could only be possible after the last fifteen years of fractured, text-o-phallic philosophizing, during which basic literacy, by which I mean the connection between words and cognition, was effectively laid waste. Like Baudrillard, MacKinnon thinks the map she can draw of our own consciousness is better than the one we already possess because we're too addicted to a decadent vision – or just too goddamn stupid – to be able to see ourselves.

A couple of points in MacKinnon's argument are worth examining. She claims that porn is different (and by porn she doesn't distinguish between film, video, painting, and the printed word, though she seems mostly to be concerned with video) because people actually had to have sexual contact in order for the films to be made. She's right here. But the extent to which it's illusory doesn't seem to matter to her: the mere act of penetration on camera dehumanizes a woman, and does it to her again every time somebody watches the celluloid product. After all, you can't fake a cum shot. But what's really chilling about her passionate belief in her cause is that she seems to think that watching a woman die is the ultimate turn-on for men. Snuff films could very well be the ultimate porn, according to MacKinnon, and they're everywhere. Whether or not there are *any* real snuff films extant is a subject of debate; the only authority that has spoken out on the subject, to my knowledge, is tongue-in-cheek columnist Cecil Adams, who claimed awareness of one film made in the Middle East of a boy being ripped apart by horses while men masturbated. Adams knew of no other examples of sex movies in which somebody was deliberately killed, though, like MacKinnon, he had heard of a lot of them. *Only Words* tells us that "... men masturbate to women being exposed, humiliated, violated, degraded, mutilated, dismembered, bound, gagged, tortured and killed ... They experience this being done by watching it being done." When a man

jerks off to a porn movie, he thinks he is literally fucking the star. Better yet, killing her. "It is not ideas they are ejaculating over."

Trying to derail MacKinnon's speeding train is a brain-twisting exercise that left me numb and depressed. The idea that porn is a violent message "addressed directly to the penis, delivered through an erection, and taken out on women in the real world" does not jibe with my experience with men, porn, or penises. MacKinnon, in fact, seems to have a bone to pick with the penis itself: it's either a separate, sub-human thug, or it's attached to a defective category of human that has a stated mission to destroy me and mine. MacKinnon's threat dressed up as a theory doesn't call for an argument so much as a redefining of categories. A *Voice* writer (whose name I can't remember; was it Jill Johnston?) reconfigured the game thus: How is it that porn can tell all the truth about men but all lies about women?

If MacKinnon has her way, we have to retrofit what sex requires, and how we can have it. The geometry of heterosexual sex insures that there will never, ever be an even balance of male and female power exerted consistently in the course of one single act. The absence of porn won't change this, and an absence of porn is an unlikely state in any case: we'll always invent our own unrecorded fantasies, for fear the purge may leave use dead. Sure, most porn sucks: the music is terrible, the hairdos are strictly late '70s Farrah stuff, and the women look miserable because camera angles necessitate their remaining motionless in order to catch the pumping dick action. If a woman being fucked on camera actually fucked back, all you'd see on those closeups would be a blur. A fuck film where the woman really gets off, now that would be something. Wonder what it would do to MacKinnons' thesis if porn queens had as much fun making blue movies as Andrea True had singing about them? (The disco hit "More, More, More" was about making a stag film.) What we negotiate in our own private bedrooms, come to think of it, may be based on anything and everything we see on the outside, bad and good. But we all cut deals to get the pleasure we need. Jesus, do we all have to forget Frank Harris and subscribe to *Yellow Silk*?

It's hard to forego the temptation of imagining what our lawyer is like in the sack. Stendhal claimed that "A wise woman never yields by appointment." For "wise," read "protected, recompensed." That MacKinnon is marrying ersatz Freud scholar Jeffrey Masson, who perpetuated the notorious libel suit against *New Yorker* writer Janet Malcolm, adds to the fun in that he seems as much of a blowhard as she is. As the swifter among you are surely aware, critic Carlin Romano took MacKinnon to task in his review in *The Nation*, igniting a furor that blew up in his face. Romano attempted to ridicule MacKinnon's "words

are deeds" *modus operandi* by postulating the actual act of rape to see if his subject could tell the difference between his words and his dick. It was crude and stupid, all right, but it provoked Masson to behave even more crudely and stupidly. According to D. T. Max's pungent article in our frolicsome local paper, *The New York Observer*, Masson wrote a letter to Romano that included this little bit of poison invective: "... What could possibly have incited you to write what you wrote? A wild, confused, vicious, personal diatribe against a woman of unbelievable depth and compassion? ..." Max reports the future Mr. MacKinnon's stated purpose not to threaten Mr. Romano, after which, in Max's words, "Mr. Masson goes on to do exactly that. '... I want you to know, if there is ever anything I can do to hurt your career, I will do it. If it hurts you personally. Because you have hurt personally somebody I care about deeply..."

So there you have it, Brutarians and Brutariennes, about half of the mad mess that MacKinnons' screed has inspired so far. You thought vengeance was just the province of dicks stoked up on too much Swedish erotica, huh? Watch out for those intellectuals! Their payback is really a bitch!

Exploding Hearts Exploding Stars – The Serial Art & Propagandart of George Petros

Norman Gosney Publishers (1992)

by Dom Salemi

Exploding Hearts is a collection of deranged experimental graphic art and twisted prose from the terribly bitter mind of a young man named George Petros. Petros was the brains behind *EXIT*, one of the most controversial publications in recent memory. (Although I don't quite understand what all the fuss was about; I think the work of our own Jarrett Huddleston and Mike Diana is far more provocative and disturbing than anything contained in the pages of Petros' magazine.) Mixing childish surreal art, pornography and a nihilistic and contemptuous tone created by a variety of contributors ranging from the infamous to the utterly forgettable, Petros outraged and shocked magazine wholesalers throughout the country and in the process managed to elicit hosannas from such luminaries as Charles Manson ("... one of my best toys.") and Robert Williams ("George's work is light years ahead of its time ..."). Today, early issues of *EXIT* fetch as much as one hundred dollars on the underground market. Of course, early issues of *Famous Monsters Of Filmland* fetch ten times that much so I suppose Mr. Petros would have been better off, at least in financial

terms in mixing with the likes of Forry Ackerman and Tony Timpone than Joe Coleman.

Some of the work here has appeared before but in different form. Much of it has never been published. Most of it will prove quite difficult for the reader; for Mr. Petros like all too many post-modern artists is asking us to embrace things that profess profundity and impenetrability: faux front page *NY Times*' stories about meteor storms ravaging 1943 Europe, Soviets finding evidence of life on Mars and Mick Jagger and Jerri Hall being murdered by two neo-Nazi teens written by the likes of Mel Lyman, Robert DeGrimston and Gary Heidnick; subliminal wallpaper; comic strips which are not comic strips; agitprop with no discernible political purpose; illustrations which limn a void. Hey, man! What does it all mean? Why anything you want it to mean, bro!

Basically, this is surrealistic cartooning, self-consciously artless art, a mindless melange of the neurotic and the ingenuous. It is erudite. It is childish. It is monstrous. It is, unfortunately, only marginally interesting. Much of the work is nonsense; the doodlings of a drug-addled introvert, a psychedelic sybarite. If Petros' oeuvre can be said to have any worth it is primarily as an illustration of the dangers inherent in overindulgence in pharmaceuticals. As Colin Wilson has observed, psychotropic drugs serve to remove the filters from perception. But the filters are there to aid the mind's work in grasping and ordering reality, the "kind of ordering that, at its best, produces great works of art and philosophy." Remove these filters and all incoming stimuli is accorded equal value. The result? Extravagant claims for trash – psychotronic films, poetry slams, comic book art – a mind set that, unfortunately, informs far too much of the work in this book of "art." "Read" it and weep.

The Book Of Jim

Jim Woodring

Fantagraphics (1993)

by Craig Regala

In Susan Kayson's book *Girl Interrupted* there's a chapter titled, "Velocity vs. Viscosity" in which she does a pretty wiggled bit on what it's like to be insane. I find it interesting. So I will herewith paraphrase.

Mind and body are floored, no action seems to give any concrete results, so why act? Like there's this pretty big monster and it's going to bite your foot. It's bigger, faster and more driven than you. So what if it takes a half an hour to move six feet to bite your foot? If you moved maybe it would bite your face off instead.

Ok. If I really was rich, instead of lying to college girls about it, I could pay you to re-read the above and respond. You understand. This is important to me. So press this *Book Of Jim* to your brain the way Mr. Big and the Pope Of Ohio press beers to their faces whilst being boggled by our culture's continuing flabby-assedness.

Why? Because *Jim* breaks down anomie and disinterest more than almost anything I've seen which utilizes pictures and words. I feel the embarrassment of nudity, the wooziness, the disenfranchising queasiness of losing the argument with your girlfriend.

These stories come into focus hard. Like gettin' bitch slapped by P.K. Dick's pink light. Sharp, pointed and confusing. Not distracted or baffling, no loose ends or mussiness with images or story line (now this is what makes my ampallang vibrate) but lucid empathy with the characters. Total breathy identification. It's like when you turn down the driveway and a Jellyfish Christmas tree starts berating you in your Mom's voice; well, it's not right and proper but you deal with it. You reason with it. Even if it's wearing the shoes you lost four years ago in Toledo.

Oh, "and what does it look like?" Just fine. Haw, haw, haw! Mr. Woodring's narrative B&W line work makes for a non-cartoony/goofy realistic/straight depiction of chubbiness, nice nipples, leglessness, leering glare from spouse, etc., that wouldn't get a peep from a *USA Today* reader. Nor would the content. No gimmick, just rama-lama, ring my bell. Like when Dylan babbled, "in the old folks home, at the college," you could squeak those words in any public forum even with that voice and not ruffle any feathers. Of course that doesn't lessen the impact, rather, the God-like nature of things as such means that all minds can be approached and expanded. And this is the one thing I learned in college (not the one dad paid me to go to, the one at which I matriculated and managed to stay awake at even without crystal), if the concept is solid the execution can be loose. Woodring shuts the door, turns on the light and dispels the haze. The color stuff is more harlequinish. Bright clean lines, nice spheres (Thelonious Monks' middle name was Sphere and he was insane, stuffed with genius, massively talented and muttering continually about circles, molecules being round and such) and plain backgrounds. One frame, all the impact. Wonderful. And the stuff that isn't any of the above . . . well, view, "Two Children Inadvertently Kill Agent of the Devil through an Excess of Youthful High Spirits," and draw your own conclusions. Mine was: shit happens. Woodring's: "I grew up believing that horror is not only fun, but sacred."

P.S.: This more than makes up for Fantagraphics publishing that punk rock Archies' *Love 'n' Rockets* horse kak.

THE NARCOTICS MURDERS

They're Lovely! Whoops-not lovely.
Horrible.

OUR STORY OPENS WITH SCREAMING HEADLINES

VARIETY
DOCTOR BEATEN
FORCED TO GIVE
UP OPIUM

DAILY TIMES
PHYSICIAN BEATEN
BY MYSTERIOUS
NARCOTIC THIEF
WHILE WIFE GIVES
BIRTH TO TWINS!

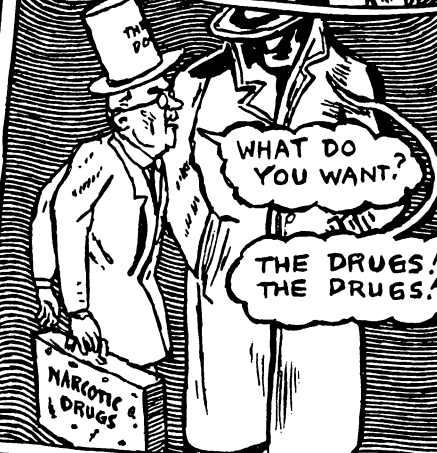
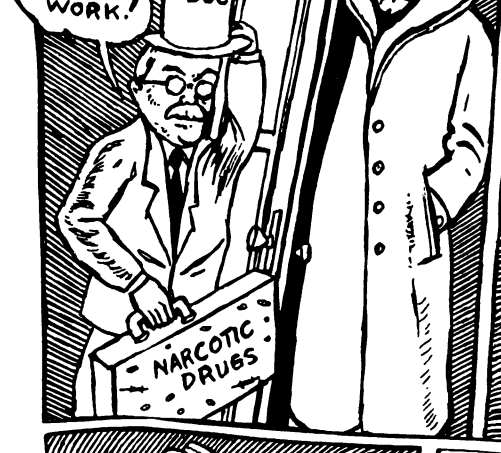
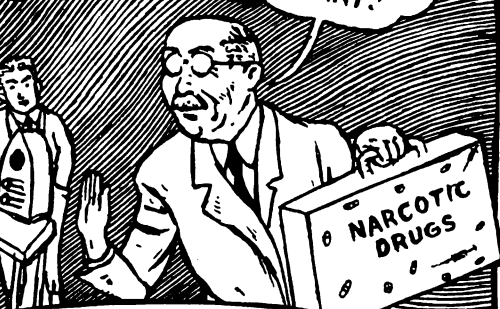
AT THE HOME OF DOCTOR BROWN
HIS DAUGHTER JANE AND ADOPTED SON
BILLY BATTER

DAILY STARS
DOCTOR MURDER-
ED BECAUSE SOME
ONE WANTED HIS
DRUGS

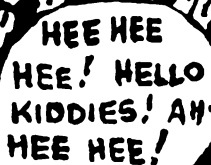
ALL DOCTORS
ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED-
THE "NARCOTICS
KILLER" IS STILL ON
THE LOOSE!

DID YOU HEAR THAT-
DADDY... MAYBE YOU
SHOULDN'T WALK AROUND
TOWN TONIGHT WITH
YOUR LARGE SUITCASE
MARKED "NARCOTIC
DRUGS"?

BAH! A DOCTOR
MUST ALWAYS HAVE
HIS NARCOTIC
DRUGS ON HIM!
BESIDES, IT MAKES
ME LOOK
IMPORTANT!

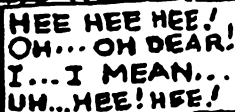


FEATURING THE STONED HAG

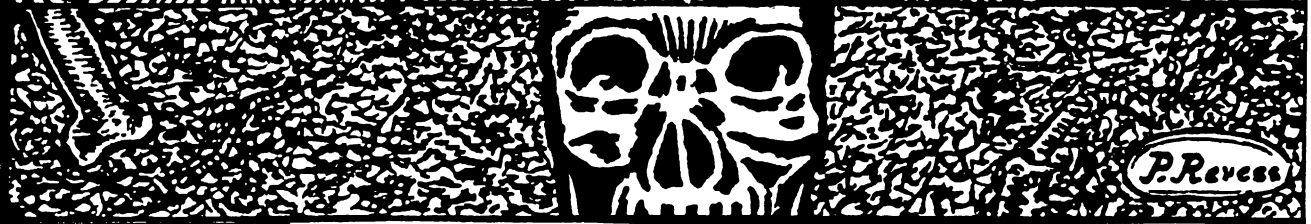
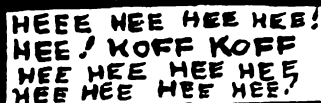


**THIS
WEEK-
PEFF.**

WEEK-UN
PFFFT PFT
UN-UN...
SNORK
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE!
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE!
HEE HEE!"



HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE! HEE
HEE KOF
KOFF KOFF
KOFF! HUM
GASP!
CHOKO!
UH...
HUBB



Reverse

Anal Pleasure & Health

Dr. Jack Morin

Yes Press (1981)

by Dom Salemi

Yes! Get to know your anus! Go to that great sweet mother. Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast. Set free your soul as her soul is free.

True. Oh so true. And tis true Swinburne was talking about the dark and churning sea but he could have been addressing the lower intestine. Which you can easily reach if you insert something nine inches or longer in your rectum.

Rectum, anus, lower intestine, I'm using these terms interchangeably but they are not one and the same. Each are quite different and, according to Dr. Morin, can if played with correctly, bring vast amounts of sexual pleasure. Of disparate sorts.

The anus (or asshole for the prosaic among us) is that adorably puckered little opening perched between your buttocks. Did you know it possesses more nerve endings than any other part of your body? Now you know why prostitutes charge so much for a rim job.

The rectum is the passageway connecting the anus to the lower intestine. Doctor Morin wants us all to know that it's perfectly normal for both men and women to insert non-breakable things in it as part of sexual play, and after enough practice either sex will really begin to enjoy having the rectum stimulated. Of course first we must initially dispense with some understandable fears. And the first of these concerns -- feces (or shit to the simple minded). Most people who have not discovered the joys of rectal stimulation are extremely frightened about coming into contact with a lot of steaming poop. No need to worry, feces is not stored in the rectum. And anything remaining from a previous bowel movement can easily be washed away with a little extra diligence during bathing. Feel better now?

Alright, maybe you're not worried about feces. Maybe you've played with your ass a little. By yourself. And every time you started to push your finger into that cute dimpled little opening you had to stop. Why? You know why. You were afraid you were going to crap on the sheets. So naturally you've never tried any kind of anal stimulation with your lover. Too frightened of defecating on the penetrating partner (dumping or dropping a load to the cretinous). Relax. You're not some kind of animal. You're not going to shit all over your boy or girlfriend. "The urge to defecate associated with rectal insertion is an illusion." That means it's virtually impossible. Let us, ahem, press on.

Now the third and fourth of our concerns pertain only to straight males so the rest of you can skip this part. Okay, he-men do I have your attention? Good. Listen to this: you are not gay if you enjoy having your girlfriend fuck you in the ass with a strap-on dildo. Nor are you very weird. It's not something I or Dr. Morin would advise you to talk about at the dinner table with your family, but turning your hershey highway into a vagina is not the first sign of encroaching homosexuality. Getting blown by your best friend is.

This last bit leads to a closely related fear: equating passivity or receptivity with femininity. Guys, get a grip. Just because you're letting a girl slide something up your rectum doesn't make you a woman. Wearing a dress and putting on make-up doesn't necessarily make you a woman. So relax. Besides when you're lying back with a beer and letting the old lady slide her lips up and down your penis you're not worried about being a woman are you? Or after you've climaxed and she still hasn't come? Who's more passive than you on your back with a cigarette while the little lady bounces up and down on you like you're a fucking trampoline?

Now the last inhibition has something to do with chastity. So we can immediately exclude the male sector here, hetero and homosexual both. You see, guys, women, for some reason, tend to associate rectal stimulation with promiscuity. They feel that if they allow themselves to enjoy this kind of activity they will lose their image of themselves as "good women." Ladies, let me make it easy for you: You want to keep your man? Act like a hopelessly abandoned *fille de joie* in the bedroom. I don't know how it works for lesbians but no straight man wants a librarian bouncing on his springs. And no, we're not going to think any less of you if you let us place our penis in your rectum (and work our rectums into the mix when you're giving us a blow job). We're going to be grateful. And loyal. Probably monogamous too. So drop those puritanical notions regarding your "proper" sexual self: the only good girl is a "bad" girl.

And what about the lower intestine? Well, what about it? It's where your feces are stored! What are you, some kind of maniac? Don't even think about fucking with your lower intestine you sick fucking moron! You could hurt yourself trying to play with your colon. That's the reason it's so far away from your anus.

Alright, I could go on and on with the jokes but really this is a pretty interesting book which many will find invaluable. Dr. Morin, a sex and psychotherapist (is there any proper way to say that), takes you through all this in a straightforward and helpful way, discussing in the process, everything from AIDS to vaginismus. Morin claims that his work is not only meant to be read but experienced and because he takes this approach it seems he covers almost every

possible problem relating to this still, somewhat taboo subject. Obviously *Anal Pleasure & Health* isn't going to be everyone's idea of pleasurable reading, but with AIDS running wild out there I don't think it's such a bad idea to pick up a copy. And who knows, you may just end up (oops) opening up your sex life (how do I get out of this?) and discovering that you are more man or woman than you thought. That's not such a bad thing.

Bottom Dwellers

John Huber

Doubleday (1992)

by Aaron Lee

Jim and Artie Mitchell were the kind of counter culture icons people can't shut up about. The La-Z-Boy philosopher who confuses piggishness with libertarianism (and self-aggrandizing with "important") has always busted a nut over naughty man-boys (excuse me, "noble savages"), from Dali to Hunter Thompson to NWA. Meanwhile, across town, a pathetically dull blue nose (who considers himself "faded" . . . GG where are you?) bemoans the death of "talent" and "good taste" (the standards of which were set in stone during his mid-to-late twenties).

Both camps need to leave the house more often. Their constant back and forth bullshit volleys tend to bury the rather simple truths of the pop culture anarchist. To reach into this mountain of crap and pull out a book like *Bottom Dwellers* takes efficiency, determination, and proctology lessons from Laura Dern. John Hubner (best known for the krishna whistleblower *Monkey on a Stick*) has the skills to pay the bills. His unique approach to the saga of Los Bros Mitchell is to *report the facts* -- from small Okies to *Behind the Green Door* to multi-million dollar sex club the O'Farrell -- in an honest, orderly manner. If a Mitchell-lensed fuck-flick resulted in a major victory for First Amendment rights, Hubner credits inventive defense attorneys like Michael Kennedy and Joe Rhine. To acknowledge the *existence* of such tedious red-tape battles is downright revolutionary when dealing with "renegade filmmakers" "pushing the envelope," blah blah blah. What's more, if said celluloid debauchery was a miserable abortion of a movie, he'll tell you that, too. Hubner's not interested in valorizing two businessmen whose primary concern was finding new ways to fleece an increasingly desensitized audience whom they held in utter contempt. He's a curious outsider trying to make sense of some

big babies with too much money, cocaine, pussy, guns and ego. Along the way the author also discovers a decade's worth, making this 70s nostalgia thing a lot less cute.

In fact, it's downright miserable. Good thing *Bottom Dwellers* has a sympathetic tone, devoting equal energy to the sad showbiz hopefuls who bared pubis for the Mitchell's "cause" (and were rewarded with quotes like "Don't ever forget you're just the fuckin' meat around here!"). Otherwise it might be a relief when Jim murders (I mean manslaughters) his increasingly abusive little brother . . . instead of a desperate, hollow footnote to the Me Generation story.

Hubner's only misstep may be in distancing you from the ill-fated Art Mitchell so thoroughly that you begin to doubt whether he was brave enough to get as close as he needed to get all the goods on this monstrous hedonist. Perhaps a certain distance keeps things neat. David McCumbers similar tell-all, *X-Rated*, nearly collapsed in a vortex of Artie worship. Hubner's literary construction is made of far sterner stuff. And in the end, it makes for more compelling reading.

Pick-Up

Charles Willeford

Black Lizard Books (1967/87)

by Dom Salemi

This is one of the saddest stories I've ever heard. A man comes to the end of the line and all he has to show for it is a piece of string, an empty wallet, a parking stub, a button and a dirty handkerchief.

And a picture of a little girl in a white dress and slippers. The snapshot was taken years ago. The girl grew up to be a beautiful waif-like woman called Helen. She was the man's mistress -- his name is Harry Jordan -- and Harry was very much in love with her. He killed her anyway.

Not because Helen drank, which she did. Not because Helen let men pick her up for the price of a few beers, which she also did; but because she hated herself and Harry couldn't stand to see her suffer.

Why Helen hates herself is one of the mysteries at the heart of *Pick-Up*. Why Harry hates himself is another of the books conundrums. We are told that Helen is black and ashamed of it but that's only part of the answer. We discover too that Harry is a painter, an artist with no faith at all in his ability, but he assures us that painting was a lover who was replaced by alcohol. And then by Helen.

IDIOTLAND

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DOUG ALLEN

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Harry never stops drinking though. On the night he throttles Helen he's pretty soused on booze.

Until that night it's Harry and Helen living in a tiny, dirty little room in a boarding house. Harry works the morning shift in a greasy hash house while Helen sleeps off the previous night's drunk. Evenings are spent drinking in the room or at cheap downtown bars. Life, for a while, is wonderful. At least for Harry. He comes to believe that Helen is his Olympia and decides to pick up his paintbrushes again. It's no good.

Harry and Helen, two shabby characters doing little more than drinking and desultory conversing. Dull half-life, a drift into nothingness. Tolerable, then barely tolerable. Spiritual torpor leading inevitably to madness and death: Willeford makes you feel every agonizing minute of it. But it's poetic in a morbid kind of way.

Then Helen dies, Harry allows himself to be arrested, and suddenly we're back in the "real" world, a place far more horrible than our lovers' lassitudinous dream-kingdom. Horrible because it is so matter of fact, so prosaic, so bereft of imagination: soulless. Willeford makes you feel all of this too. By the end of the novel Harry's tortured cry, "How many times must I be punished before I [am] put to death?" becomes our own. But Harry doesn't die; we do. A little. And we're not sure we've profited from the experience.

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- The Washington Post

BELEAGUERED BY RECESSION? REPULSED BY BURGEONING JINGOISM? PUZZLED BY MENDACITY? HORRIFIED BY STATE-SPONSORED MASS HYPNOSIS? - BRUTARIAN INVITES YOU TO -

DARE TO BE LAME!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHY FIGHT IT? GIVE UP AND EMBRACE YOUR WEAKNESSES! THERE'S NOTHING MORE GRATIFYING TO THE EGO THAN WALLOWING IN THE HATRED, FEAR AND PREJUDICE THAT LIE AT THE CORE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT! WHY LABOR UNDER THE BURDEN OF FEIGNED RESPONSIBILITY? GET WITH IT! BLAME SOME-ONE ELSE!

"HISTER BIG"

WE TAKE OLD BODIES & TURN OUT NEW ONES!

ARE YOU Weak and Inert? Disenfranchised? Cringing & Impotent? THE ANSWER IS IN THESE PAGES! RIGHT! JUST BRUTARIAN! BE LAME!



BRUTARIAN:
THE MAGAZINE OF
WINNERS!

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A COPY
TODAY!

□ **Sade/A Biography** - Maurice Lever translated from the French by Arthur Goldhammer, Farrar, Straus and Giroux (1993): Lever is the first writer given access to the Sade family archives and the result is this monumental volume. Nominated for several prestigious French literary awards, *Sade* disappoints on several counts. There is little analysis or commentary on the work or the philosophy – much of it brilliant and revolutionary – of a writer who today is rightfully regarded as one of France's foremost men of letters. Irritating too, is Lever's almost Victorian prudishness concerning Sade's sexual practices. When the subject comes up at all (and how could it not, we're talking about a man whose name is synonymous with a form of sexual deviancy) it is, by and large, only in connection with legal charges or proceedings. The curious reader who picks up the book will no doubt find it remarkable that a biography of one of history's most notorious libertines chooses to spend more time with Sade's finances than his libido. Still, those who stay with Lever will be rewarded with a breezily written, fitfully interesting study of a self-destructive (emphasize the self-destructive, Sade never killed anyone or even made the attempt) egoist who was far too clever for his own or anyone else's good.

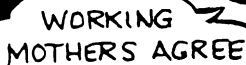
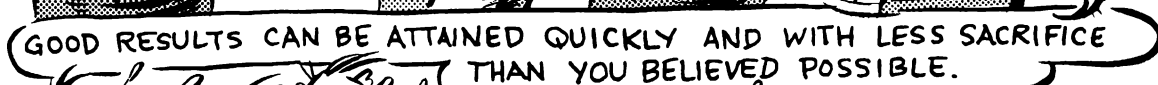
□ **Bob Flanagan: Super-Masochist** - V. Vale and Andrea Juno, Re/Search People Series (1993): What can you say about a forty year old man with cystic fibrosis who enjoys nailing his balls to wood and sucking his dick in public? How do you begin to tell the story of someone who believes himself to be a kind of "bizarro Superman?" And why am I using literary tropes culled from *Love Story* (book and song)? Because I initially approached this tome with a great deal of skepticism but after reading

through the six interviews conducted with this L.A. performance artist and poet, I came away profoundly moved. Moved by the man's bravery, his intelligence and wit and most of all, his soul. Flanagan has had to deal with death as a practical reality almost every day of his life and rather than live in denial he has used that almost unbearable pressure as a springboard for the examination of such matters as the reality of freedom, the principles of pleasure and pain, the very thin lines separating creativity and neurotic expression, art and obscenity and, of course, masculinity and femininity. Fascinating, inspiring and in a perverse way, beautiful; proof positive that the pure products of America go crazy.

□ **Graveyard** - Ed and Lorraine Warren, St. Martins Press (1993): Two of the world's foremost paranormal researchers (you may know them from their book *The Haunted* which was turned into a fairly creepy TV movie with Sally Kirkland) take to hanging out in graveyards and discover. . .they're haunted! Not too terribly surprising I know, but this volume, which collects the Warrens' field research in an old New England burial ground and a number of strange but true cemetery tales from other parties, is quite likely to deliver a *frisson* or two. And the story of the senator and the disconnected telephone *will* haunt you for the rest of your natural life.

□ **Death: The Trip Of A Lifetime** - Greg Palmer, Harper Collins (1993): While it may not be Ernest Becker's *The Denial Of Death*, Greg Palmer has nevertheless fashioned an assured and soothing journey into Death's Dream Kingdom. Based loosely on the PBS television series of the same name, the author has traveled the globe examining the

way "well-adjusted" people and cultures deal with grief, dying and death. Of course, individuals like Lloyd Kaufman of Troma Films who make pictures like *Class Of Nuke 'Em High* and *Rabid Grannies* or Mexicans who stay out all night picnicing on grandma's grave may not be your idea of "well-adjusted" but that's really the crux of Palmer's study. Death is ugly, horrible and because it is inevitable, frightening to most western minds. However what Palmer discovered was that, for many, dying was a natural and inevitable part of life. Most of us are aware of this, still we feel uncomfortable about it. Palmer was too and in his voyage of self-discovery comes to understand and, more importantly, make us understand that those who do not share the western view are the normal ones. And once you drop the concept of death as stigma you can look, truly look, and then ask, as Palmer does: Whether acceptance of mortality leads to comfort or lassitude? Whether people who deal with death on an every day basis find the inevitability of their own demise any easier? Whether elaborate and/or traditional burial rituals and observances work as help or a hindrance? By eschewing the metaphysical for the real, Palmer has produced a work of great significance, a work that is as at once profound, amusing and informative.





MS.

Sally

"THE STATE OF BEING ONE HUNDRED PERCENT HUMAN IS A SCIENTIFIC IMPOSSIBILITY, LIKE MAKING A POTABLE LIQUOR THAT'S ONE HUNDRED PERCENT ALCOHOL."

For those of you who didn't believe there could possibly be a category of things with which to have sex after "Sex With Humans" (see ish #9) – and who don't think of drunks as entirely human – Ms. Perfect has news for you. She is not entirely human, either. And neither are you. The state of being one hundred percent human is a scientific impossibility, like making a potable liquor that's one hundred percent alcohol. The stuff attracts water from the air the minute you uncork it and is therefore never pure. Sorry for the unscientific reasoning, but if you want the clinical approach, read *Ask Isadora*. It is my considered opinion, by the way, that she is most of the time full of shit.

I mean, really. Every time somebody writes in about deviant practices – and don't start telling me that deviance is in the eye of the beholder or whatever lacuna it'll fit into – they're usually talking about one party doing something the other doesn't want to try. The one-world, hippy-dippy approach to sexuality is that anything goes; nothing is sick. This, as you as-yet unenlightened sex surfers may suspect, is the liberating bridge to true happiness. The rest of us know it's nonsense. Ms. Perfect does not buy for one second that hooley about God's Law proscribing things like homosexuality and masturbation, so don't go thinking she's a square. It's just that – please be patient – there are things that you really should pass up if you don't want to be miserable. Or try them once and then spend the next ten years trying to forget how adventurous and somehow tainted they made you feel. When *Mad Magazine* satirized *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, retitling it *Boob and Carnal and Tad and Alas*, if I remember correctly, they made a lot of hay out of that group sex scene. In the *Mad* version, everybody was lining up at the bathroom shaving, brushing, plucking, flossing. Robert Culp was sending his body out to be dry cleaned. Threesomes and foursomes multiply your flaws within your own imagination. They grow bigger and bigger in your mind, the way an oversized oyster expands in your mouth until you're not quite sure where you're going to put it.

Daniel Day Lewis is a monster.

What can I tell you? I can't save you from yourself. Your watery freckles, waxy feet, loopy triceps, stippled complexion, triple chin (Ms. Perfect sports a very charming example of one of these herself) just grow and grow, blocking out all other characteristics until you become a homunculus with one or two prominent features. Keep telling yourself that nobody notices. Ms. Perfect assures you that they do. Don't you ever picture yourself that way? A topheavy concoction with one enormous fang, a blob that wears its genitals in the middle of its chest like a rosette? If you can, you're a good candidate for true love, because you want redemption, and short of getting your parents to forgive you for being born, it's the only thing that works. Money is nice too. We keep trying to straighten out the blunder of creation.

So we are monsters. Not beasts. There is a difference. A beast's claim to redemption is that it is integrated with its parts, that its limited intelligence and lack of restraint are at one with its corporeality. A lion's roar can be considered, as animal behaviorists Morton and Page said, "inseparable from the busi-

Sex with

PERFECT

Eckhoff

ness of being a lion." Let's get the animals off the hook. If you want to bone one, okay. (See my instructions in *Brut #2*) "The beast in the man" is a euphemism. Maybe when you saw the ugly stick coming, you didn't duck fast enough. Really, we are monsters, and always. Folk singer Michael Hurley's lovely song about the werewolf is a self-portrait.

*"Nobody, nobody
Nobody knows
How I love the maiden
As I tear at her clothes"*

I am sorry to do this to you, because if you're like me, you have spent the last ten years of your life trying to banish certain images from your mind's eye when you are aroused. Whether it's a mental picture of a path in the woods behind the house where you grew up, a silhouette of your mom in an apron that turns into a paper doll, or a view of your own bad self in the ultimate embrace looking pathetic and ridiculous, this is all garbage we're trying to get away from. But we can't; will we ever? Your choice of monster, therefore, is terribly revealing. Think of your world as an *Island Of Lost Souls*. Do you go for the type that has ungulate tendencies, a sort of human antelope or sheepy substitute? Self-satisfied chop-licking meateater? A Flann O'Brien concoction from *The Third Policeman* that's half man, half bicycle? If you don't know, you better give some serious thought to what manner of creation you are trying to turn your bangthang into. You have inside you the ability to explain this. But the voice you hear may surprise you. "Shit," said a deep-voiced woman slowly, as if under hypnosis, to a packed house at a poetry reading,

*"On his
Dick"*

She was talking about her love. She did not seem to be able to help herself.

*"I saw
the crack
of my mother's
ass"*

I want to draw a line in our negotiations about sex. Not this line.

How to make possible the melding of two monsters. How to help them identify each other. How to be able to arrange the fangs and appurtenances so we don't get all our circulation cut off when we lie on our sides, leg around leg around leg around hip. How not to shove your elbow in your monster's mouth and knock out all their teeth (unless you really want to). How to always be ready. How to keep that a secret.

Now you know everything. Would you please get over here and help me haul in this mossy leviathan I've got here at the end of my harpoon, so I can bring it in and fuck it?

**"THE
ONE-WORLD,
HIPPI-DIPPY
APPROACH
TO
SEXUALITY IS
THAT
ANYTHING
GOES;
NOTHING IS
SICK."**

Monsters

ON MANOR'S MIND

Stately Wayne Manor

Ever notice how married middle-aged squares always win those multi-million dollar jackpots? A year later the local newspaper interviews the lucky couple, and the wife still hasn't quit her part-time job at McDonald's!

Imagine the worthy accomplishments with which we could regale reporters if one of *us* won: "I installed a Beermeister in every room then hired bikers to beat up all my ex-bosses and everyone who picked on me in school," Mikey told Channel Six news."

Being the type of person who likes to make an impact on society, I'd dedicate a portion of my windfall to doing just that. Some suckers would "like to buy the world a Coke;" I'd like to by the world a KICK - right in the seat of the pants.

I mean that literally. Wouldn't it be ultragroovesville if you were so rich you could afford to travel the globe booting the butt of whomever most deserved it? Who'd be on your list?

Personally, I'd enjoy putting my foot to the fanny of: chumps who walk extra slowly in your car path then defiantly smirk at you before finally getting out of the way; jocks who insist on mentioning the name of their sport during game interviews ("We're a good hockey team and I think we can win this hockey game." Like we'd think a goon with a helmet and ice skates speaking during a Stanley Cup playoff would be referring to water polo!); fast food counter help, store clerks, waiters, etc. acting as though it's *really* a bother to fetch your order.

It would be delightful to send a Converse to the keister of: film critics unabashedly drooling over every major studio release, undoubtedly hoping to get quoted in the print ads and brown-nose film biz big-wigs (You know the type I'm writing about, e.g., Peter Travers); rappers who have magically developed Jamaican accents as of late; slobs believing food taste is relatively proportionate to the noise one makes eating.

Oh, how much fun it would be to direct a Chuck Taylor to the tail of: starlets who go uptown and "forget" their earlier skin roles a la Barbara "Re-Animator" Crampton; club owners changing the bar's theme to cash in on the next short-term trend without a single qualm about selling out their regulars; foodstuff manufacturers having the audacity to actually brag about their products being caffeine, fat, and salt-free, as though those ingredients in their earlier products didn't make us what we are today.

Tootises to the tuchas of: goofs wearing short pants or going shirtless outdoors in the winter (This does NOT ap-

ply to shapely women, who should wear as little as possible at all times); lamebrains making the ignorant "pro wrestling is fixed" allegation (It was never broken); hypocrite "watchdogs" (When I worked in a vid store there was a fire-and-brimstone preacher who would loudly comment on the additions to our fine arts library . . . as he backed into the porn selection and selected the sleaziest smut available).

A little "sole music" to jukebox junkies inclined to play (a) the worst single currently on the charts which already gets incessant airplay, (b) the same one or two songs over and over (Ever hear "Bad To The Bone" six times in less than two hours?) or (c) *anything* when everyone else in the joint is enjoying a telecast. Re: the latter, I know an attention-craving bimbo who actually tried to play the box in a corner bar DURING THE SUPER BOWL! He's still in the hospital.

Here's a loafer below the lumbar to: actors fancying themselves experts just because they were taught a few basics of a subject while prepping for a role (One could almost hear Bruce Lee whirling in his casket like the Taz when Sam Jones, coached in elementary martial arts techniques for the dreadful *Flash Gordon*, showed off his newly acquired prowess on a national talk show by breaking one whole pine board with a chop); annoying worms incapable of enjoying a comedic line without repeating it aloud.

A sneaker to the sphincter of: those who select pseudonyms that show an astounding lack of imagination (Philly radio currently has Joe Mama and Russ Albums. G-zuss!); pathetic Polyannas with the nerve to go up to strangers and tell them to smile. Let's see how they beam with a Puma in their pooper!

Extraordinary Insight: Directors, would you mind telling your casting and wardrobe cohorts that most urban streetwalkers are NOT fairly healthy-looking crackers in outdated disco clothes? . . . Although I've only seen photos of Gloria, the most voluptuous woman in pro-am porn, I thought if I mentioned how readers can get her video brochure by sending a SASE and age statement to Box 3837, Fullerton, CA 92631, she might be kind enough to send me a few tapes. No, I *don't* have any shame . . . If anyone's feeling smug about how alternative music has "arrived," take a look at the Pop catalog chart (best sellers include Eagles, Steve Miller and new age crap), note Aldo Nova has three CDs in the Music By Mail catalog to Gang Of Four's one and remember how the Meat Loaf outsold everything this winter.

Hubba Hubba Honeys: Wonder Woman was previously nominated for Hubba Hubba Honeydom but didn't quite cut it. However, *another* superheroine has made the grade -- Yvonne "Batgirl" Craig. Before bringing her fine female form to the Caped Crusaders' capers, Yvonne appeared in a number of youth-oriented feature films. Check her out as a heavenly hillbilly in the Elvis double-role delight *Kissin' Cousins*. The babe's a bombshell.

She sho' looked sharp in that super tight Bat-get-up. Now, let's have a show of hands from guys who *never* had indisputably impure thoughts while viewing one of the scenes where the B-girl was bound to a wall by a villain. Liars!

In '68, director/writer Larry Buchanan told us *Mars Needs Women*. Curvy Miss Craig was one of their selections. Way to pick 'em, Mars men.

Through most of her career Yvonne played the perky "good girl," sort of a non-paisan Annette Funicello. Unlike that sickeningly sweet overstuffed Italian pastry, Miss Craig had a just-beneath-the-surface sexiness that belied the characters she played. When Yvonne returned during 1989's *Batmania*, she may not have been the cutie-pie she was two decades earlier (so few of us are), but it appeared her chest had expanded a quarter-inch per year. If only all women aged so gracefully. (Sigh.)



Yvonne "Batgirl" Craig: "Mmmm . . . Wanna Lick?"

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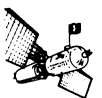
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GARGLE MY BAG

by Jim Schoene

From our friends at Pathological Records, Ltd., B.C.M. Box 1079, London, WCIN 3XX England, comes *Under The Skin* by a conglomeration known as ICE. Participants include Justin Broadrick from Godflesh, K. Martin from God, and D. Cochrane from Terminal Cheesecake, one of the most overlooked of the industrial-metal bands. A couple other friends join in to create a thudding, swirling dub-metal melange with vocals and found sounds thrown in. The combo take their name from the Korean-born drug which was used by Japanese soldiers during WW 2 as a pep pill, but which found a more important home in the brains of kamikaze pilots. Our Yank fliers took amphetamines by the handful with full government approval, but apparently Ice had a more euphoric effect on the Japanese bombers. Taking its name from its appearance rather than its effect (in Hawaii it's known as crystal), this drug sounds like it could be useful at *Brutarian World Headquarters*, as its effects can last up to three days. Anyway, check at your local record shop for this disc coming to you from the bowels of Birmingham . . . Also recently arrived on these shores is a live disc from noise/supergroup *PainKiller* (John Zorn, Bill Laswell and Scorn's Mick Harris) recorded in Japan. This seventy minute delight features two short sets which range from almost ambient drone-like stuff to full-out skronk, plus on several tracks we are treated to the great guitar/vocal ruminations of the legendary Keiji Haino of Fushitsusha fame. For aficionados of noise and thrash with the whole shebang adorned with some of the nicest graphics around. Available at all good import shops . . . If you're looking for amazing catalogs, write to *WFMU Mail Order*, Box 1191, Montclair, NJ 07042; it's part of Upsala College's radio station in East Orange. Or call 1-201-659-7487 for credit card or fax orders. They have a great selection of music and books, something to please just about everyone. Included is the recently-released *Space Is The Place* film starring the late Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Solar Arkestra. If you haven't seen this 1972 sci-fi blaxploitation gem, you're missing something very strange. You can also order import CDs of Leonard Nimoy's *Highly Illogical* LP with bonus tracks featuring his renditions of "Proud Mary" and "Bilbo Baggins." The station also carries William Shatner's *The Transformed Man* CD and if you haven't heard Captain Kirk singing "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and "Mr. Tambourine Man" you

just can't tell anyone you've lived a full and rewarding life. Also: books on filmmakers, videos with Orson Welles suffering through the recording of commercials, neckties with Nancy and Sluggo designs, Harry Partch CDs, Fellini soundtracks, etc., etc. Truly twisted stuff. Drop them a line . . . From our friends at Mammoth Records (and distribution) come the first two releases from Les Claypools' (from Primus') new custom label, Prawn Song. The first is a self-titled effort by the *Charlie Hunter Trio*. Hunter is the guitarist for Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. Basically guitar, sax and drums with the occasional bass, this is a funky jazzbo thang (not fusion), at times sounding like a stripped-down Universal Congress Of without the vocals. All originals except for a tasteful rendition of Mingus' "Fables of Faubus." Drummer Jay Lane and saxman David Ellis provide solid support. Nice work, the kind of thing you could play for someone who says they don't like jazz: rhythmical always entertaining not ground-breaking. Also on Mr. Claypool's label is something a little more along those goofy Primus lines. *Cosmodrome* by M.I.R.V. who, I am led to believe, is Limbomaniac's guitarist David Lefkowitz. Oh hell, I don't know, maybe that isn't him. Anyway, the disc covers all the bases: surf music, rockabilly, Hendrixy-licks. Interspersed between the songs are short vignettes that are made up of snippets of dialogue, weird sounds and other crazy shit. Fans of "Mr. Krinkle" won't be disappointed. Both releases should be available at your local musique emporium . . . Fresh from the wild beasts at Charnel House comes *Flying Testicle*, a scary sort-of supergroup of the "out-to-lunch" bunch. Take Masami Akita from Merzbow, Maso Yamazaki from Masonna, and Zev Asher from Nimrod and Roughage, mix it all together and what do you get? Music to annoy and alienate loved ones and neighbors. Pretty terrifying. Akita intercut and generally played around with various performances by these three and came up with this stuff. The CD comes in a limited, numbered edition of one thousand with a cool poster inside a zip-lock sandwich bag. Why am I drawn to this outre matter? Maybe it's a degenerative brain disease, but I just don't want to hear "Hey Jude" again for the ten thousandth time. I want to hear something that shakes my brain, stretches it, you know. Anyway, sorry about that little aside . . . In the same twisted Japanese vein, a new one from Zeni Geva called *Nai-ha*

has arrived produced by guitarist K. K. Null and Steve Albini. Albini also plays on one track. Expect more twin guitar and drums grind from these guys. Available at in-the-know stores or direct from N. G. (Nipp Guitar), P.O. Box 64935, Los Angeles, California, 90064 . . .

Fresh from a highly successful showing at L.A.'s La Luz de Jesus Gallery, New York artist Joe Coleman has created one of his most moving works. A painting titled *The Man of Sorrows* which depicts the life of Jesus in terms of the alternative accounts of contemporary Jewish historians – not the "traditional" stories that many of us were taught as children – has been turned into a modern-day illuminated manuscript featuring Joe's handwritten commentary on the various scenes depicted in the painting. A numbered edition of two thousand is available as well as a very limited edition in a box with pieces of the painting utilized to make a jigsaw puzzle. Included in the ultra-limited box are bits of Joe's bloody scorched shirts that he wore when blowing himself up with dynamite in various New York area performances from years past. Either way, a beautifully-made work of art. For info write to: Gates of Heck, Inc., 5301 Brook road, Richmond, Virginia, 23227 or call 1-804-266-9422 . . .

The second issue of a nice publication known as *Rapid Eye* has been published in Great Britain. A trade-size paperback, it includes stuff about serial killers, death art, mondo films, interviews with directors Jorg Buttgereit, Richard Kern, articles on brain death by Colin Wilson, behavioral cutups by Genesis P. Orridge, etc. You get the picture, I think. Thought-provoking without being too arty. Available from most reputable bookstores (The ones that carry British books that is) . . . Don't forget to subscribe to *Fortean Times*, *The Journal of Strange Phenomena*. It's \$30 for one year (six issues) or \$50 for two years. Make m.o.'s payable to John Brown Publishing, and send to *Fortean Times*, 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX, United Kingdom . . .

And while on the subject of strangeness and things unexplained, check out a great book called *The Mothman Prophecies* by John Keel, one of the foremost and believable investigators of unexplained occurrences in the world. Originally published in 1975, Keel's book deals with the strange events and sightings of a "birdman" that occurred in and around Point Pleasant, West Virginia about 1966, culminating in the December 1967 collapse of the Silver Bridge spanning seven hundred feet of the Ohio River. The death toll was finally set at 46; 67 people were riding in 31 vehicles when the bridge fell. There were stories of strange things beneath the cold murky waters. Channel catfish weighing several hundred pounds, large enough to swallow a man whole. In the early hours of Christmas Day 1993, the Pope was given a tour of some of the key locations in Keel's book by his beloved Rhonda and her brother. While snow silently fell, we saw the "igloos," large storage areas overgrown with weeds and trees which contained at various times both dynamite and atomic waste slag from some nuclear power plant. The "mothman," a man-sized figure with large wings and



Don't miss *The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow* (American Records' Video)

sometimes glowing red eyes, terrorized the small community for over a year. We were even followed by a solitary figure in a Mercury Monarch who was parked out along the lonely desolate road we traveled. I mean, Jesus, it's Christmas morning, what the hell is this guy doing out there? In any case, Keel's book is a classic and should be available at most bookshops . . . Recently released on the Black Saint label is *Consecration* by tenor sax titan Charles Gayle. Recorded in the studio in April '93, this could be the most fully realized of his works. Ably supported by drummer Michael Winberly and bassist Vattel Cherry, Gayle is joined by the extraordinary William Parker on cello and violin. Gayle is certainly the most free-blowing of current saxophonists, definitely in the same vein as Peter Brotzmann. As recently as a year ago, Gayle was playing in the subways of the Big Apple clearing ten bucks on a good day. If you're into "free jazz" for lack of a better term, checkout this and also his two releases (both live) on the Knitting Factory label, and especially his *Touching On Trane* on Germany's FMP label. Outside music doesn't get further out than this . . .

A beautiful coffee table book called *The Killing Of A President* by Robert Groden has just been published by Viking Studio Books. It's subtitled "The Complete Photographic Record of the JFK Assassination, The Conspiracy and The Cover-Up." It's that and more. Author Groden has the largest collection of Kennedy-related materials in the world; also he was the staff photographic consultant to the 1976 House Committee as well as a consultant to Oliver Stone on *JFK*, helping to faithfully recreate the events depicted in the film. If you have even a mild inter

est in the whole assassination thing, you really should check this out. Displaying over six hundred photos, many never before seen by the public, this hefty volume also contains maps, diagrams, the color autopsy photos (both real and fake), the unaltered statements of witnesses to much of the medical evidence, Jackie Kennedy's *original* testimony to the Warren Commission, which someone didn't want us to read, along with an in-depth analysis of the Zapruder film (subject of much debate as to whether it's been altered) and other film footage taken at the scene. We get copies of NSA Memo #263 wherein one thousand troops were to be withdrawn by the end of 1963; a photo of the fake epileptic seizure that drew police attention just before the motorcade approached; photos of the limo with bullet holes in the windshield and in the frame. Groden has put all his research into one big volume and thankfully it's almost all photographic. A beautifully-done compendium . . . Be on the lookout for *Foster Child* by Tony Miller. It has current music reviews and profiles of various bands. Pretty entertaining stuff. Write to him at 7636 Marcy Court, Glen Burnie, MD 21060-7633 . . . Also look for *Exploding Hearts, Exploding Stars — The Serial Art and Propagandart of George Petros*, an over-size softcover reworking and expanding

of Petros' work from his *EXIT* magazine. *EXIT* fused all kinds of material together (fact, fiction, underground art, porn, etc.) into one big package. Here we have sort of updated versions of some of his work from the pages of his magazine. Petros calls it "serial art," combining elements of comic art, poster work, advertising slicks, graphs, charts, a little bit of everything. Despite what our editor thinks (see *Brutarian Library*, p 62) this is an interesting and provocative package. Available from Norman Gosney Publications, 208 West 23rd St., Suite 711, NY, NY 10011 . . . Just out from our very good friends at Charnel House — *Rivet* by the band Lewd who hail from the Netherlands. The overseer for the project is none other than Mr. Kazuyuki K. Null (Zeni Geva). Lewd is a three-piece power trio that could be seen as Zeni Geva's European brothers, a little more droney, but hard stuff nonetheless. Those Charnel House folks just keep 'em comin' . . . And last, but certainly not least, catch some of the highlights from *The Jim Rose Circus Sideshow* on American Records' video. To describe any of the acts would spoil the fun so I'll just sign off here by telling you that you need to see this. Anything this entertaining, amazing and nauseating simply should not be missed.

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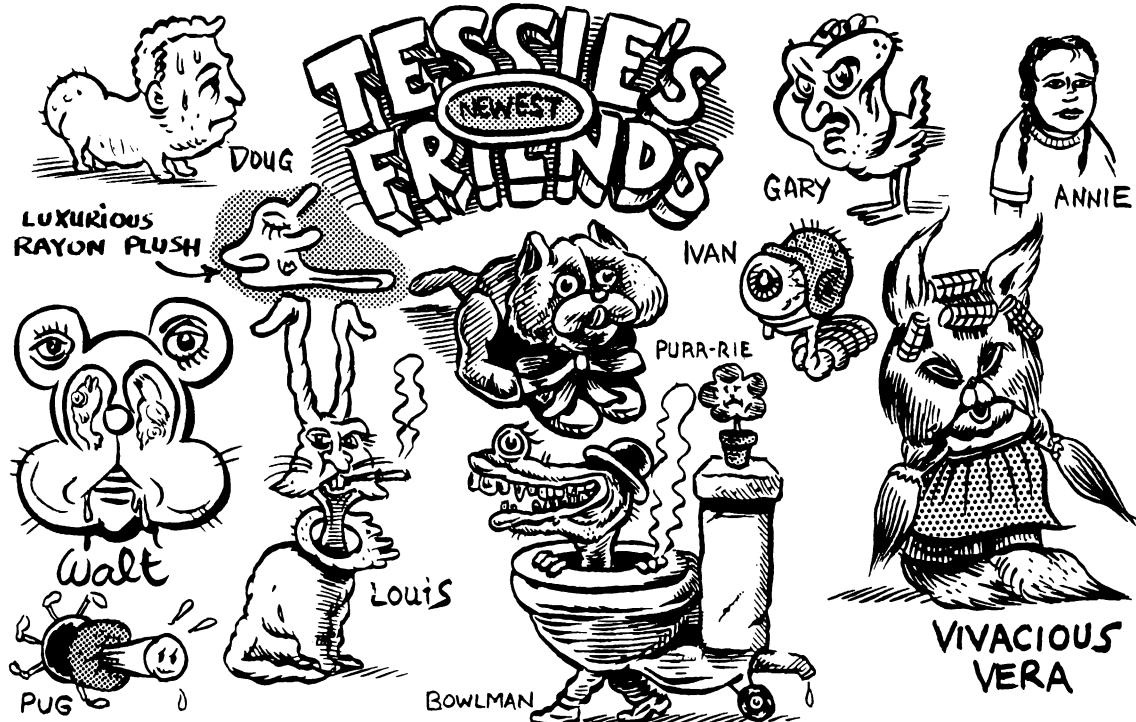
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School Wish

*The Son of Sam
would be principal
and Gacy would
teach home economics.
Jeff Dahmer would be
a young, dashing wood shop
instructor whose
projects are displayed
in glass showcases
throughout the school
and the requirements to be
valedictorian would be
considerably more
difficult.*

- G. Logothesis

brute

Grandma

*uncooked chicken skin
face of pastrami
a sunken skull tottering atop a shriveled spine.
hands crawling sodden logs of fungus
flenserred cheeks
the burlap embrace.
carp lips blight
and smut,
tasting of formaldehyde.
smell the sumphole.
smell what once was.*

- G. Logothesis

He-Double Hockey Stick Fuck

*Once upon a time there was a little penis
whose face was made of clay.
He was a wormy pest to cunts who had turned gay.
He drilled a hole in Bertha's head
to find the walnut church.
All the priests they did behold
how his spermy ways did besmirch.
And laid their assholes down to sleep
And cloned the Rabbi's circumcised porky pig
without a peep.*

- Randall Phillip

Suicide In The 90's

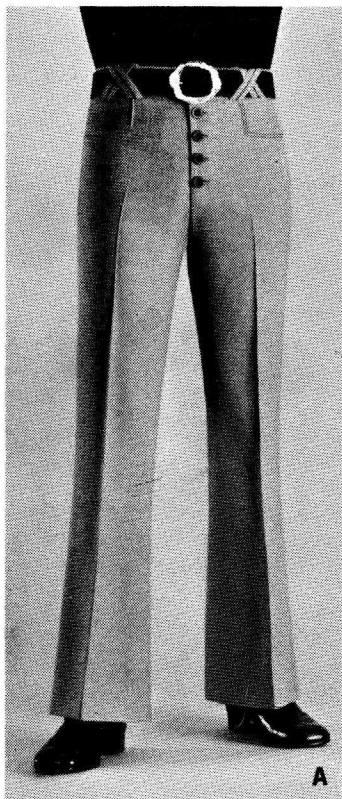
*She sticks her head
into the microwave
and desperately fumbles
to set the timer,
but the oven won't start
with the door open*

- Bryan Westbrook

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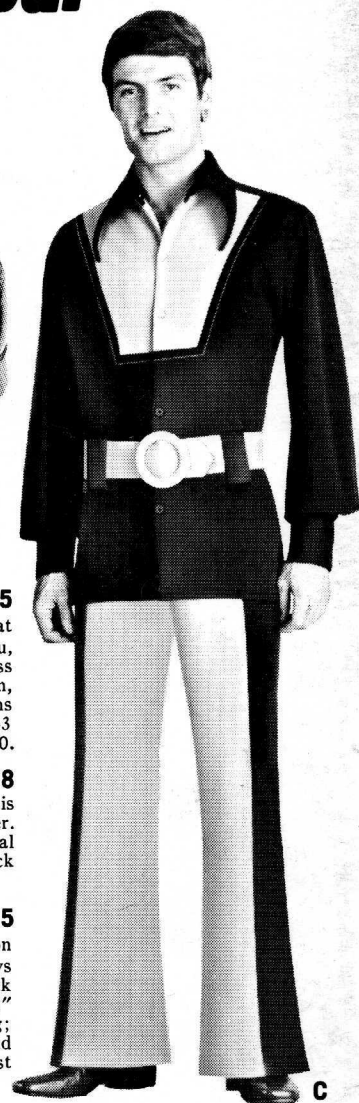
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